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e Bladder, Gravel, or Brick-dust
ease. Milky Discharges and all
der, Kidneys, or Prostate Gland,
ale, Female or Child.

arising from youthful indiscretion
r dissipation, attended with some
mptoms: Nervous Debility, Loss of
ion to Exertion or Business, Loss
of Breath, Trembling, Troubled
nness, Dimness of Vision, Pains in
d Head, Rush of Blood to the
ions, Pale Countenance and Dry

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ts and Consumption follow. When
omes affected with organic weak-
aid of an invigorating medicine to
e up the system, which HELM-
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rction, habits of dissipation or in
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the world, to be used after cau-
ebled constitutions of both sexes

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d Taste in the Mouth, Palpita-
ain in the region of the Kidneys,
r painful symptoms are the off-
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ch, stimulates the torpid Liver,
s to healthy action in cleansing
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cent severe sickness, I cheerfully
wledgments. Having had a very
pneumonia, with a raging fever, I
until my attending physician said it
lower to help me, and that I would
a few hours longer. My friends
ll you, and from your first prescrip-
began to improve, until I am now
red. It seems to myself and friends
cle, than the result of human skill,
ased to narrate the particulars of
se who is personally interested.
Miss. E. M. KETTELL.
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Wealth of Massachusetts.
ss. Probate Court.
ons interested in the Estate of JOHN
late of Concord, in said County, deceased.
Greeting.
AS, DANIEL WETHERBEE, the exec
of the will of said deceased, has presented
for the first account of the administration
te of said deceased.
reby cited to appear at a Probate Court
at Cambridge, in said County on the
day of July next, at nine o'clock in the
show cause, if any you have, why the
not be allowed.
ecutor is ordered to serve this Cita-
hing the same once a week, in the Mas-
Ploughman, a newspaper printed at Bos-
eks successively, the last publication to
e next before said Court.
GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge
this twenty-eighth day of June, in the
d one thousand eight hundred and
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Wealth of Massachusetts.
ss. Probate Court.
ons interested in the estate under the will
L. FLINT, late of North Reading, in
y, deceased, testate, given in trust for
d. of Francis, Molsey, Daniel, George,
Flint and others.
AS, ALLANSON A. UPTON, the trus-
nder said will, has presented for allow-
ond accounts of his trusteeship.
reby cited to appear at a Probate Court
at Cambridge, in said County, on the
day of July instant, at nine o'clock in the
show cause, if any you have, why the
not be allowed.
Trustee is ordered to serve this Cita-
hing the same once a week, in the Mas-
Ploughman, a newspaper printed at Bos-
eeks successively, the last publication to
at least before said Court.
GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge
rt, this third day of July, in the year of
one thousand eight hundred and seventy-
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

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GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher

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Editorial.

LAND DRAINAGE.

ARTICLE NUMBER II.

As the main drain must needs occupy the lowest part of the land it must be built first, and can only be done when the water is low; work is begun at the lower end and the water stopped back by a temporary dam of sods which is cut at night and again at noon, if need be, to allow the accumulation of water to drain off while the men are resting. If the water is too abundant for this method it can be carried around the work in a temporary channel cut for the purpose. The bottom must be carefully graded to the proper level, and when the land is nearly level and the fall but slight it is a matter of some nicety to grade a ditch three or four feet deep so as to have no uneven places; there will be spots where the bottom is a little soft and the digging tools will enter too freely and stony spots that will be left too high. The easiest way to attain an uniform grade is to set a row of pegs on each side of the ditch opposite each other before digging, driven to a certain grade by the level; a surveyor's level is a convenience in setting grade pegs but it can be done with a carpenter's level on a barrel as described above; the grade of the drain having been decided upon and the amount of fall also, pegs *should be set every* ten feet to guide the diggers, and driven so as to be four feet or three feet above the proposed bottom of the drain. A T piece made of two pickets nailed together is laid across the drain upon the pair of pegs at any given point, and shows at once whether the bottom of the drain is right or not. The upright part of the T being of the same length as the proposed depth of the drain.

To set the pegs, place the level on the barrel head in range of the drain and block it up till level, begin at lower end of drain where we will suppose the grade of the drain is to be three feet below the surface; two pegs will be driven here on opposite sides of the drain and the levelling rod held on them when driven home, the movable cross piece is moved up and down till it is exactly level with the instrument and the place where it crosses the pole marked; let the assistant now measure ten feet up the line of the drain where the next pair of pegs will be driven. We will suppose the grade of the drain is to rise one foot in five hundred, in ten feet it would rise nearly one-fourth of an inch; therefore place the cross piece one-fourth of an inch lower on the pole than before and drive the pegs until the cross-piece is exactly level with the instrument; continue in the same way till all are driven.

As soon as the main drain has been dug out and carefully graded it should have the tiles placed and be filled up without delay, as a sudden rain might make trouble. Places should be provided for the entering of small pipes on the sides every twenty, thirty or forty feet, as occasion requires.

In laying out the main drain the grade should be made at least four feet, if possible, below the general level of the land to be drained, the side drains will then need to be less frequent, and it is in general less expensive to drain land well at four feet than at less depth; the nature of the subsoil may modify our arrangements to some extent; thus if the subsoil is loose gravel or sand with no clay or peat at any part of the tract to be drained, three feet will do well enough and the side drains may be placed forty feet apart—but such instances are comparatively rare; the vast majority of cases will need a main drain four feet deep with side drains three and a half to four feet deep and forty feet apart. If the main drain can only be placed three and a half feet deep on account of the outlet then the side drains will need to be only thirty feet apart; and if a depth of only three feet is attainable then the side drains will need to be twenty feet apart.

There are some cases of compact clay and peaty subsoils that need draining at even more frequent intervals than these; but the rule given above has proved satisfactory in general. If it is desirable to carry off the surface water into the main drain it can only be done safely by means of a large silt basin which is constantly watched and cleaned out after heavy rains. Surface water is nearly always muddy, and if allowed free enterance to the drains would carry so much sediment as to endanger their filling up; the silt basin answers the purpose however, *if attended to.* If the main drain is low enough to admit of such arrangement, the side drains ought to enter two inches above the bottom, at the least, and if half way up the diameter of the main drain it would be better, provided the fall admits of the main being placed low enough. The ditch having been dug and the tile laid in the main drain it should be immediately covered in with earth, the holes for admission of side drains having been stopped with a wisp of hay to keep out the earth and marked with a stake at the surface.

A word will be needed here about the kind of tile to be used, and the manner of laying them. Probably the best tile are round tile with collars; two inches or one and one-half inches bore for the side drains is ample; if they can not be had, sole tile are nearly as good, but need a little more care in laying them to prevent the earth from working in at the joints; there will be little trouble in this respect if the land is clayey, but if sandy, especially quicksand or peat, some care will be needed to cover the drains well; in such cases the tile should be laid upon a strip of board three inches wide, and if sole tile are used, blocked at each side with stones at every joint to prevent their getting out of place—they should then be covered with stiff clay if any is at hand, about two inches deep; after gently packing this around the tiles the sand or other earth may be thrown in and well rammed down. Considerable care is needed to place the tile so as to make good joints; they are seldom exactly straight or square at the ends, and when sole tile are used the joint should be covered with pieces of bent tin or paper while covering; with round tile and collars also the same care will be needed, as the collars often fit too loosely, leaving space for the entrance of sand. If the bottom is sandy, and clay for filling is not easily obtained, it will answer very well to cover the tile with an inch of tan bark or sods, but clay is preferable.

All tile that are too soft to ring when struck with a hard tool should be thrown away as worthless and unsafe, and also very crooked pieces should be discarded as likely to cause obstructions. It will sometimes happen that the ditch will be dug out a little too deep at some point where the digging is easy; such places must be graded up by filling with a little clay which must be well rammed down before laying the tile, and if the bottom is still soft lay a strip of board down under the tile till hard bottom is reached. Too great care can not be used to avoid any sag in the line of the tile below the true grade; such places are sure to fill up with silt, and should be avoided with the utmost care; if there is a little water in the ditch at the time the tile are laid it will show at once where such defects occur, but a strict following of the instructions given above will give a straight ditch; it will be well to prove it with water, however, if convenient, before laying the tile, as any mistake can then be easily seen and corrected, but after filling in may cause much annoyance.

In laying tile it is best to begin at the upper end of the ditch and work down, and then if any water is running the work will prove itself as it goes on. The water can be seen pouring through the tile as the filling up of the ditch progresses. Don't be afraid to ram the earth well into the ditches or to make the tile fit as closely as possible at the joints; the danger is always in letting the earth into the drains—it is impossible to keep the water out of them so long as the passage is unobstructed.

[To be continued.]

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

As is probably known to many readers of the *Ploughman*, this is a school of science and arts, located in Boston, and intended to prepare young men for practical life in the workshops or mines or manufactories of the world, rather than for the professional career which is usually the aim of students in our colleges.

We are glad to notice from his report that the President of this school has introduced lately what is called the Russian system of Industrial Art Education—which consists in giving the students practical exercises in the use of mechanical tools, in workshops provided for this especial purpose, in the school buildings. Two shops of this sort have been erected, one, a vise shop, provided with four heavy benches and thirty-two vises, in which the students are taught the use of files, taps, dies, and various bench tools; the other shop is a forge shop, provided with eight forges; it is intended to add as soon as possible a machine shop and foundry so that the students may become familiar with the details of the mechanical arts by actual manual labor. This seems to us a step in the right direction, and we look for the best results in consequence. The Institute is very ably managed and deserves the entire confidence of those who wish to give their boys a practical and thorough introduction to the arts.

☞ We are glad to welcome the appearance of a new Monthly entitled "*Le Journal D'Agriculture*," published at Montreal. As its title indicates, it is a French Journal of Agriculture and is also the official organ of the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec. The first number is very neatly printed and illustrated with several spirited plates, one of them from a painting by Rosa Bonheur. It also contains a list of prizes offered at the Exhibition, which will take place at Quebec, September 17th to 21st. *Nous avons l'honneur de vous saluer M. Redacteur, et de vous souhaiter le bon succes.*

☞ We are glad to notice as a sign of reviving prosperity at the South, the appearance of a new agricultural and social magazine called the *Farm and Fireside*. W. H. Walker, Publisher, Ringgold, Georgia. We hope the new magazine will meet the success it deserves.

BEEF EXPORTATION

Seems to be dull just now, the rise in the price of beef on this side and the want of facilities for refrigeration on the other side, together with the high cost of ice there are the occasions of this; we shall look for a revival in this trade in the Fall; just now the steamers fitted up for carrying beef are carrying large quantities of butter On this subject the *N. Y. Tribune* says:

The recent exportations of beef to England has been small, and with the decrease of trade comes lack of confidence in the enterprise itself. Louis Samuels said to our reporter, at his abattoir, Forty-fourth and First avenue, that no money had ever been made by shipping beef. If beef was wanted in England at the time it was shipped, it brought a good price, but, if it could not be sold at once, it became a dead loss. "It isn't like a live bullock," said Mr. Samuels, "which can be kept in these stables on a little fodder, and Englishmen have no such refrigerating facilities as we have. Besides, ice is too high there, and it don't pay to use much of it on beef when other expenses are so great. When Mr. Eastman tried the experiment of shipping beef to England two years ago, he had to fight the prejudice that existed against the article; and when the business got a fair start the price of cattle went up in this country, without a corresponding increase in England. At present it costs about two cents more a pound to export American beef than English beef costs to-day. During the past two months we have only made three or four shipments of one hundred and fifty cattle each. We have ten vessels with refrigerators, however, and as long as there is any hope of the cloud lifting we don't want to sink any money by a hasty withdrawal."

Questions & Answers.

CLOVER SEED.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you kindly inform me through the *Ploughman* when clover ought to be sown to be ploughed under for enriching the land?

Yours truly,
E. E.

Clover seed should be sown very early in spring; perhaps the best way is to sow it upon the snow about the last of March or first of April. The snow will enable the sower to see the seed and distribute it evenly, and the land will need no harrowing in order to cover the seed which will be covered enough as the ground settles in thawing. If the sowing cannot be done as above it may be done in April or early in May, and covered with a harrow and roller—the earlier it is done the better; if deferred till hot weather the seed is apt not to germinate.—[ED.

TO PROTECT HORSES' FEET.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you or some of the readers of the *Ploughman*, tell me how to manage the feet of a five year old colt that are "flat," or where the outside of the hoof does not grow out so as when shod to protect the "frog?"

Yours,
J. O'D.

Lowville, N. Y., July 8, 1877.

The frog does not need any special protection. It ought to come to the ground, and sustain its share of the weight of the animal. If care is taken to leave both frog and sole unmutilated, that is, not touched by the knife; a common shoe is all that is necessary—and no fear should be entertained of lameness ensuing.—[ED.

SWINE BREEDING.

The breeder seeks first for animals of good form and good condition; he looks next to their pedigree. Which of their several breeds he shall select may depend upon many circumstances, and largely, of course, upon his associations and his tastes. For myself I choose Berkshire, and I have seen no good cause to regret my choice. I find them hardy, active, of good form, good mothers, yielding excellent meat, and having little offal. They mature early, and are quite large enough for all uses.

With those who seek larger hogs, the Poland-Chinas are the favorites, while the pure black, little Essex, on the one hand, and the mammoth white Yorkshire on the other, have their advocates. Each man must examine and decide for himself. I only suggest that thoroughbreds should in all cases be chosen, and only from well known and responsible breeders can one buy with any surety of receiving that for which he so liberally makes payment. Begin with thoroughbreds, and then keep strictly within the breed. Only thus can satisfactory results be counted on with any certainty.

Mixed breeds show the traits and forms of all their ancestors. They will be very uneven in their breeding. Keep strictly within the breed, but do not couple near relations.

This advice is founded upon the following principles: Every individual has its excellencies and its defects, by coupling such relations, both excellencies and defects are aggravated and intensified and the defects may be so intensified as to destroy the utility of the produce again. Breed together animals of like character. The produce will be like them, they will be even and sure. For this reason keep within the breed. —*N. J. Agriculturist.*

The above suggestions are very good if our purpose is to obtain a reliable or pure breed of swine or of any other kind of animals; this is the course pursued by the successful breeders of thoroughbred stock.

If our purpose is however only to obtain a profitable animal for the shambles we can obtain it much more cheaply by the first cross of a high bred male upon a rather coarse but vigorous dam. The breeding of thoroughbreds is beset with difficulty and care, and they will in consequence always command a high price; if it were not so the Shorthorn and Jersey cattle would long since have become cheap enough, as well as Berkshire and other fine breeds of swine. The chief reason that they command so high a price as they do is, that the males of good blood are always in demand by breeders of good grade stock for crossing with ordinary good stock; the first cross thus obtained usually carries with a good degree of certainty the fine qualities of the sire combined with the more vigorous constitution and appetite of the dam.

The cross obtained by breeding a coarse Chester or large Yorkshire or common large sow to a fine Essex or small Yorkshire boar will be found hard to beat for qualities of easy feeding, rapid growth and profitable feeding.

We do not know why it is that the black breeds of swine are not the fashion around Boston; their pork is certainly just as white; is it that they suffer from the hot sun any more than the white breed? A black coat is warmer than a white one in the sunshine as everybody knows, but we are not aware that a negro suffers any more than the white man under a tropical sun—the contrary is usually believed to be the fact. In short, we believe the dislike for black swine is pure prejudice or at best mere fancy; in choosing a pig to buy, or a man to do good work, the last thing we would look at would be the color of his skin.—[ED.

REMEDY FOR KICKING COWS.

Having had, several years ago, some experience with kicking cows and having tried many methods to manage them, I found none so good and simple as the one I will endeavor to describe: Put the cow into a stall; if the stalls are not partitioned make a rail partition (one rail may answer if put at the right height) on the left of the cow; let her stand close to this partition, and with front feet as close to the manger as possible; then take a rail or strong scantling and lay it diagonally from the manger to the rail partition; cut a notch in the manger to drop this rail in; press it tight against the right hind leg just above the udder; and nail where it crosses the partition an upright piece to prevent this rail from slipping back. Once fixed in this way the rail can be slipped in or out very quickly, and if made right the cow can neither step sideways, forward, nor backward, and consequently cannot lift her hind legs up and kick, and in most cases will, in course of time, if gently treated, entirely forget the kicking, so she may be milked without the bar and when the milker comes, will put herself in position to be milked by stepping close to the left side of her stall and place the right hind leg a little back, and she will stand always the same way.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ A man was recently arrested and fined in London for painting the faces of sheep black, to cause them to resemble South Downs.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OR WESTERN LOCUST.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

The most destructive insect to the crops in the United States is undoubtedly the *Caloptenus Spretus*, or commonly known as the hateful Rocky Mountain or Western Locust, and being aware that many farmers in the east fear that this terrible plague may visit them, as the Colorado Potato Beetle has already made its appearance, I would simply say that the fact is established among those who have investigated and examined into the habits and conditions of this Western Locust, that it is not found east of the Mississippi river, and what is more, it *will* never be found east of the river, because it comes to perfection only in the northwest, and is more at home in those high and dry regions, where the winters are long and cold and summers short, and hence if they attempt to migrate away from these regions, death is sure to stop them in their journey. During my visits to the Museum of the Agricultural Department, visitors would express great surprise when viewing this Western Locust, in the case, in finding it so much smaller than they expected; instead of being one of the largest locust or grasshopper, it is one of the very smallest. Its body is less than an inch long. Its fore legs are short and reddish, the femur, or upper part of the hind leg is a reddish cast, and the lower part is yellow with reddish body, wings light veined. There is a grasshopper in the east that might be easily mistaken for the Western Locust or grasshopper, called the *Caloptenus femur-rubrum*. This eastern grasshopper is but a trifle smaller than the western, and about the same form, and the color only a shade lighter; the male imago is lighter than the female. In all its stages of growth or development it eats the leaf and stock of plants; it is destructive, yet slight in comparison to the Western Locust.

One of the most common species of grasshoppers in the east, and the largest and handsomest is the *American Acridium*, or the Great American Locust. It is from two to two and one-half inches long; color dark brown with a pale, yellowish stripe running along the back. The front wings are prettily mottled, the hind wings faintly greenish with brown veins and hind legs generally coral red, with black tipped white spines. On account of its great size and destructive powers, many unacquainted with the Western Locust, incorrectly suppose this one identical with the great western pest, as it destroys many crops in the east and south, and during some years it is the most destructive locust or grasshopper east of the Mississippi, but not as destructive in armies as the Rocky Mountain or western pest.

There are many kinds of grasshoppers that are edible, or good to eat, and notwithstanding the Western Locust is so great a pest, it is good to eat; so is the eastern. The part of the body edible is the abdomen, and to be made palatable it must be cooked; they taste like shrimps. The Indians I visited on the Pacific Coast, count this insect served up at their great feasts, the daintiest morsel in their realm. I could go on and describe the many insects that are injurious to the farmer by destroying the vegetables, the grasses, the grain, the fruits from his orchard, which go to make up the harvest of the husbandman, but it would be simply a description of the injurious insect and not the remedy, by which the farmer can rid his hoped for crops of this enemy. The best entomologists have yet failed to discover practical, or really valuable economical remedies that will destroy the great variety of pests. Few, aye, but two or three species are conquered by man, for the remedy must not only destroy them, but it must do it cheaply. To scatter poison over an acre, or acres of plants, will cost, including labor and material, more than is realized from the crop.

Diamonds have been made from charcoal, but the cost of manufacture is greater than the value of the jewel when made. What we want is profit. The time will come when a remedy will be found to destroy these pests by the wholesale, in a cheap, expeditious and thorough manner; to that end must we work and until that result is attained, we must use the thumb and finger, and crush first of all the eggs, then the larva, next the pupa, and lastly, the imago. But in our battles against the insects, we must not slay all the species, for some there are who are our friends and not our enemies, some beneficial to man by assisting us in destroying those insects injurious to man, and can do more in ridding us of these pests than all our remedies have ever done; hence the first thing for us to learn is to ascertain what species of insects are they, who perform these offices of *good* to mankind, but *death* to the poor, innocent insect that dares (to keep it from starvation) encroach in the domains of man and feed upon the same food that tickles his palate and nourishes the body. And yet when we come to inquire into the cause that prompts these friendly species of insects to render such good offices to man by destroying those insects injurious to us, we may not admire the motive that impels them on when we learn that all they desire is a good fat dinner off of these poor insects, and thus satisfy their hungry appetites; for among insects they are like the tigers and lions among beasts, carnivorous. Of these apparent friends of the farmer, I will speak of in my next and describe some of their species that they may be preserved and not destroyed.

FEEDING FOWLS.—In a state of nature, fowls run over a great extent of ground before they get a crop full. They pick up their food, grain by grain, and with it small pieces of dirt, blades of grass, and other things, that all help digestion. Placed before the fowls in boxes filled with grain, the birds do in five minutes that which should be the work of two hours; they eat a greedy fill, and suffering unnatural repletion, they have recourse to drink, the corn swells in the crop, and the sufferers instead of walking about cheerfully, hide in corners and squat about to the detriment of their health. This applies to the equally bad practice of throwing down the food in heaps.

☞ The value of bones imported annually into England to be used for fertilizing the land are computed to be worth $16,000,000. They are obtained from Russia, Germany, South America, and the United States. Throughout Great Britain bones are collected from every possible source of supply. So valuable are bones considered in Germany that a proverb there reads: "One ton of bone dust saves the importation of ten tons of German corn."

Horticulture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

MODES OF KEEPING FRUIT.

BY F. R. ELLIOTT,
LANDSCAPE GARDENER AND HORTICULTURIST.

With many years of experience, examination of Fruit Houses, etc, reading almost weekly of some new patent fruit house, I go to-day, reading back, hoping to find something of value that I have missed. I have kept the Fameuse apple gathered early in October to April, as fresh as when gathered from the tree, and have the Red Canada, two years old, that could not be told in January from one of the past year. I have had Rostiezer pear in December, and Kirtland in January, and kept in the same room. But now reading I come to the following, which I quote, as an item, perhaps, not generally known. I give quotations first and comments afterward.

1st. As the flavor of fruit is so easily affected by heterogeneous odors, it is highly desirable that the apple and pear rooms should, if possible, be distinct from each other.

2nd. The walls and floor should be annually washed with a solution of quicklime, to which common salt is added.

3rd. The room should be perfectly dry, kept at as uniform a temperature as practicable, and well ventilated; but there should be no draught.

4th. Care should be taken in gathering the fruit, which should be handled as little as possible.

5th. Fruit for keeping should not arrive at complete maturity before gathering. Good judgment here must belong to the grower.

6th. No imperfect fruit should be stored with that which is sound.

7th. When placed on shelves, no fruit should touch another, and only two tiers should be placed, these separated by soft paper.

8th. Early apples or pears may be kept fresh until Christmas, while many kinds may be preserved in perfection to a second year."

Comments. 1st. I do not think where care is given to ventilation and temperature, that odors of varieties or species affect each other.

2nd. Cleanliness I believe in, but I doubt the use of any specific wash.

3d. Dryness and dampness are two items, the one has a hardness, the other steady moisture, neither, in my experience, should remain any length of time. The balance of this clause is correct, and so all the remaining numbers.

WHORTLEBERRY CULTURE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

It has always been a mystery to me that somebody has not ventured to cultivate this berry. Our inquiries in regard to it have resulted in ascertaining that the reason for not doing so is, because the berry is so widely distributed, and can be procured in such large quantities every summer. If this plea holds good then the blackberry should be thrown aside, for we can procure twice the number of quarts if not more, in the same time as we could of the other; and berries that will compare with the cultivated ones too. We have had an idea of trying our luck here, and last year we decided to set out some white berries. The Summer drought spoiled our plan. This year we intend to try again. We know where we can obtain some plants. We are waiting anxiously for them to bear in order that we can work only the best of them. We don't know but we shall fail, but it will do no harm to try. From what we have seen of black whortleberries we are sure that the cultivation of them would be as successful as blackberries, and we have seen cases where the plants got a dressing of manure that produced berries of double the size of those around them. We know that they could be brought up to the size of a gooseberry by judicious management. We hope the idea of cultivating will not blow over but that somebody will put the idea to a practical test and report progress. He may fail but there are more chances of success, and he may be more than surprised in the venture. The question now is, who will try. J. N. A.

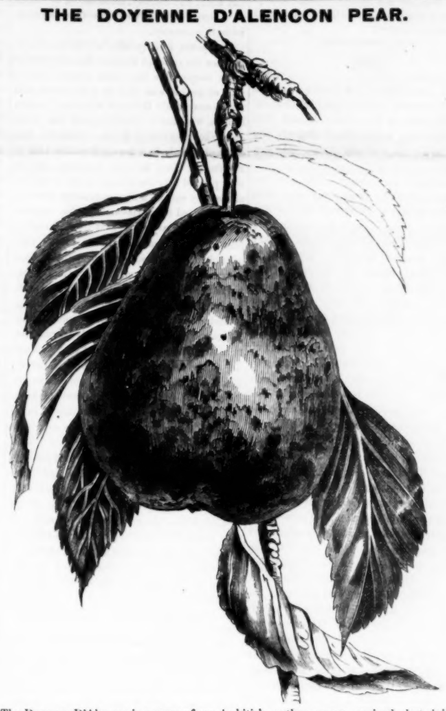
Stuartdale, R. I., July, 1877.

THE VALUE OF TURF.

Very few farmers are aware of the quantity of actual decomposible vegetable matter contained in a square yard of "turf" taken from the surface of well-set sward land. Accurate experiments have shown that not less than thirty tons exist in an acre, most of which are roots and fibres, a small portion only of the mass being above the surface. It will hence be seen that by inverting the sward of uplands and meadows, and allowing the sward to decompose undisturbed, a most important addition to the *humus* of the soil will be secured, and at small expense. This, even were no other dressing used, would of itself be an invaluable acquisition to the fertility of any soil, and as it is replete with juices and other principles that not only favor, but insure a speedy decomposition, the advantages resulting to the farmer from frequently inverting his sward lands—where circumstances require it—are far greater than we should be induced to suppose. Many are inclined to the opinion that when lands in grass are broken up—unless they have been depastured—the mere addition of the vegetable matter—roots, grass, &c., contained in it is of little or no importance; but allowing the quantity of organic matter to be only fifteen tons to the acre—one half the quantity contained in an acre of good sward land—it will be seen at once that a very great benefit must be derived from its presence and action, both of the soil and crops. Where vegetable matter decomposes in the soil, or beneath its surface, and is surrounded by those circumstances which conduce most directly to facilitate the operation, a most salutary action takes place, independently of the action of the humus which it supplies. The character of the earthy or inorganic particles is in some measure changed and rendered more favorable to the support and sustenance of plants; many of the salts, the carbonates and phosphates of lime, for instance, as well as several other essential constituents, are favorably acted on, and rendered more efficient in the perfection of the great work for which they are designed. Heat and the diminution of the gaseous products of the vegetable structure, which is the result of speedy decomposition, has always an immediate and powerful effect upon the life of vegetables. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ It is estimated that, in ploughing an acre of ground, two horses will make about 230,000 foot marks, and necessarily harden much of the soil on which they tread.

THE DOYENNE D'ALENCON PEAR.



The Doyenne D'Alencon is a pear of medium size, of a pale dull green, which becomes ruddy on ripening in the sun. It is dotted and speckled over with numerous brown russet dots or specks. The flesh is whitish, rather coarse grained, but juicy, melting, vinous and slightly astringent, except when thoroughly ripe. The tree is a vigorous, upright grower, and may be worked successfully on quince stock.

The Sheepfold.

USES OF THE SEVERAL WOOLS.

Leonard Drane read at the annual meeting of the Kentucky Wool Growers' Association, an address on wool and its classification for market, which has been published. In his address he remarks: It has been asked of manufacturers, "What is the most pressing necessity of your manufacture?" and answered "We want more domestic wool improved to suit the manufacture. There are forty-six mills in the United States that use foreign wool entirely, and seven hundred and sixty-seven that use both domestic and foreign wool, or one hundred and thirty-one mills, using seventy per cent. of domestic, and thirty per cent. of foreign wool. Would manufacturers import wool if they were supplied at home with the various kinds they want to use? They would not.

I have condensed the uses of wool into three classes from Mr. J. L. Hayes' report to the Department of Agriculture in 1872. Merino wool is used in opera and common flannels, blankets, shawls, shirts, vests, skirts, drawers, cardigans, hose, fancy cassimers, meltons, over-coatings, light coatings, fancy cloakings, some varieties of delaines, coburgs, cashmeres, ladies' dress goods, and all mixtures of wool with shoddy; the longest and finest Merino wools are used to carry wool substitutes. The peculiar excellence of Merino wools in found is the soundness and strength of all goods they are used in.

Combing wools are used in shawls, fancy knit goods, ladies' fancy cloakings, serges, moreens, alpacas, cloth linings, mohair lustres, lasting, damask for furniture, furniture covering, curtains, table cloths, reps for furniture and curtains, webbing for reins, girths, suspenders, flags, military sashes, cords and tassels, nubias, braids, bindings, etc. etc.

Coarse wools are used in common flannels, blankets, also the noils of combing wool. The warps of ingrain carpets, two or three-ply consume our coarsest long wools; the shortest stapled coarse wools are used for filling.

We should grow in Kentucky best pure Lincolnshire, Cotswold, Rambouillet Merinos, and Southdowns, and cross them with our native sheep, and each other until we establish new races. Kentucky stands fourteenth in numbers of sheep, compared to other States in 1876—Indiana, 1,250,000; 1,663,000; Missouri, 1,284,200; Wisconsin, 1,162,800; Illinois, 1,311,600; Michigan, 3,450,600; Ohio, 4,546,600; California, 6,750,600; and Kentucky, 683,600; in the United States, 30 to 36 millions. There are three States that have more sheep than Kentucky produces pounds of wool. No animal pays better profit. The clip of the United States for 1876 was about 200,000,000; of England, Ireland, Scotland, about 162,000,000, mostly combing; of the continent of Europe, about 462,000,000; of Australia, about 350,000; of Buenos Ayres and river La Plata, about 207,000,000. These are the principal wool growing countries of the globe. There are produced 1,292,000,000 out of the estimated 1,419,000,000 produced on the entire globe.

The value of all kinds of wool is determined by its strength, lustre, working qualities and shrinkage. Wool is divided by governments for tariff, and wool merchants, into three classes; Clothing, Combing and Carpet, and is produced in quantity in this order. Kentucky should be classed as combing, delaine, medium coarse and black. Wool merchants separate each division into as many classes, as there are distinct qualities of staple in each division, to suit the purchaser. Manufacturers take the fleeces, putting them into as many classes as there are distinct qualities of staple in each fleece according to its length, color, lustre, etc., except the gumming locks, which they will not buy unwashed.

Clothing wool is generally divided into three classes—fine, medium, and coarse. The average price for fifty-three years since 1824, for each class per washed pound, is for fine, 61-2c; medium, 56 1-2c; coarse, 51c; or nearly 5 1-2 cents per pound less on each class as it grows coarser. Average price per washed pound Australian in London, from 1862 to 1876, inclusive as estimated by Mr. Bon1, 43 1-8c gold. Counting freights, commissions, etc., for same period the average price in currency for washed Australian, would be 80c per pound in New York, or 19c more than any of our clothing wools. Cards or X wools are required to be fine, short in staple, "full of spiral curls or serratures." Combing wool consists in drawing out the fibers straight and parallel; then twisted into yarn called worsted, "the ends in spinning being covered, make the yarn smooth and lustrous." The staple should be generally five to eight inches long, having a few "spiral curls and serratures," with distinct lustre.

These qualities are found in the English in their order of perfection, as follows: The Lincolnshire, Leicester, and Cotswold breeds. Delaine wools are shorter and finer, and can be used

what there is in all the range of professions and trades, that a life of twenty-five or thirty years, "a lifetime"—so called—does not require of him to be conversant with. In my day, I have had to give aid at a sick bed as a doctor, as a preacher, as a lawyer, and in the latter instance send to a sick man's widow and orphan a living. I have helped to save by my experience in stopping the wasting of a milldam, not so much by knowledge superior, but my studies had given me quick thought. I trust to have students for the love of knowledge. SUNNY SOUTH.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE FAIR TO BE HELD IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

Headquarters New England Agricultural Society,
No. 46 Milk Street, Boston, May 23d, 1877.

To Farmers, Mechanics, Artizans and all other Persons Interested in the Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society for the year 1877!

The New England Agricultural Society has perfected an arrangement with the **Maine State Agricultural Society**, by which a joint exhibition will be held at Presumpscot Park, in the City of Portland, Maine, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1877.

The Exhibition will open at one o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and close on the afternoon of Friday, September 7th.

It is designed to make this Exhibition complete in every department and to that end a liberal Premium List is published in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, and will be issued in pamphlet form at an early day.

Correspondence is invited upon any and all subjects connected with the contemplated exhibition.

Letters may be addressed to Hon. Samuel Wasson, Secretary Maine State Agricultural Society, East Surry, Maine, or to the undersigned at Boston, Mass.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR PREMIUM LIST.

All persons desiring Premium Lists of the New England Agricultural Society, will receive them by return of mail on application by letter to DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

NOTICE TO STOCK RAISERS.

At a meeting of the Executive Officers of the New England Agricultural Society, held at Portland, July 20th, 1877, it was voted that in Class Four, Nos. 24, 25 and 26, the premiums for sheep should read instead of "two years old and under three," as advertised in the published Premium List—"two years old and upwards."

Also, that in all cases, the exhibitor of a horse or horses having paid the entrance fee, should be entitled to a card of admission.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

A little more than a month now intervenes to the date of the Exhibition. Not a day is to be lost, if anything is really to be done. Each individual contribution will come in swelling the grand triumph. This is to be the farmers' own and sole work, and they must themselves take hold if they expect to share in the satisfaction that is as sure to follow as they do join hands.

The Premium List.—The Premium List of the New England Agricultural Society for their Fourteenth Annual Exhibition in connection with the Maine State Agricultural Society, to be held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, on the grounds of Presumpscot Park and at City Hall, Portland, has been published in an extremely neat and convenient form for reference. It is a book of 64 pages, and the farm products for which premium provisions are made in this list are absolutely surprising, and show the degree to which progressive agriculture and its related branches have advanced in New England. Henry Ward Beecher once wrote that the rapid perusal of a list of fruits and flowers filled him to overflowing with horticultural enthusiasm; a perusal of the pages of this pamphlet Premium List of the New England Agricultural Society will be sure to arouse a similar feeling in the mind of every agriculturist in New England who has found prosperity and happiness in his calling.

THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Meeting of the Executive Officers of the New England Agricultural Society at Portland, Maine.

Hon. Geo. B. Loring, President, and Hon. Daniel Needham, Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, met in convention the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society, and other gentlemen at Portland, on the 20th inst. Among them Gen'l John Marshall Brown, President, Hon. Sam'l Wasson, Secretary, I. D. Fenderson, Esq., W. F. Garcelon, Esq., A. L. Dennison, Esq., B. M. Hight, and S. L. Boardman, of the *Maine Farmer*, H. W. Richardson, of the *Portland Advertiser*, Mr. Elwell, of the *Portland Transcript*, E. P. Mayo, of the *Portland Press*, and E. S. Osgood, of the *Portland Argus*. Geo. Noyes, of the *Mass. Ploughman*, and other gentlemen officially and otherwise interested in the great New England Fair, which is to be held at Portland, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1877.

The convention was held at the Falmouth House, and all the details of the great Exhibition were discussed and arranged.

Subsequently, coaches were provided and a large party including President Loring, Col. Needham, President Brown and Secretary Wasson with several other members of the Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society and members of the Portland city press drove to the Fair Grounds and examined minutely the buildings and the condition and location of the Park.

The Park is admirably located, and is reached by horse cars in about fifteen minutes, and is also on the line of one of the prominent steam railroads which enters the city. The distance from the Falmouth House and City Hall is less than two miles. The sheds, stables and all the buildings on the ground are permanently built structures covered with shingled roofs—giving to visitors, animals and articles for exhibition most perfect protection. President Loring and Secretary Needham expressed themselves very much pleased at the condition in which they found the Park and buildings and the ample accommodations furnished by them.

A beautiful pond of water, made by living springs, is located on the grounds, and the water from this pond or lake, will be raised and distributed throughout the grounds.

The excellently covered roofs of stables and sheds will protect the animals on exhibition from any inclemency of the weather—no such admirably constructed buildings having previous'y been furnished to the New England Agricultural Society on any park where its exhibitions have been held.

The Grand Gallery is double-decked—will accommodate a large multitude of people who will be perfectly protected from the rays of the sun, or from the discomforts of showers or storms.

The track is a half mile—and is in good condition.

From the Park, President Loring and Secretary Needham were driven to the City Hall, the vast and magnificent rooms of which are to be surrendered in their use to the New England Society during the time of the exhibition. In these vast rooms together with an annex, are to be displayed the collected articles furnished for exhibition, which will be of too delicate construction or too costly workmanship to be taken to the Park.

Paintings, statuary, musical instruments, sewing machines, needle work, and the thousand and one articles which go to make up a grand exhibition, and to exhibit the skill and genius of man and woman, will be tastefully and methodically arranged in these rooms of the City Hall and annex. A band of music will be stationed in the large hall and the tens of thousands of guests, coming as they will, from the South, East, West and North of our great American domain, will find this portion of the exhibition as they found it in the great Fair of the New England Society at Portland in 1869, unprecedented in extent, and beyond the most sanguine expectations in methodization, variety and excellence.

The people of Maine have but one mind in this great undertaking. Having invited the New England Society to again visit its territory, they have entered most heartily into all the detail of arrangement, and at every suggestion of Dr. Loring and Col. Needham, a perfect confirmation is attempted on their part. If enterprise, industry, intelligence, zeal and broad public spirit secure success, it may well be said, the success of the Fair of the New England Agricultural Society for 1877 can no longer be considered doubtful.

It is the man who is in season who wins, if anybody does. Hence the necessity of being beforehand with personal designs in connection with the Fair, and not leaving circumstances to drive, if not to obstruct, as the day of the Great Exhibition approaches.

MAINE.

Maine has of late years shown a marked revival of interest in the farming occupation. New life seems to have been infused into her agricultural veins. Improvements are visible in all parts of the State. Modern methods have had and are still having a willing hearing by the farmers. The idea has taken possession of a great many men that it is better to stay at home and expend the energy there, than to begin a wandering life and waste the time and strength on distant farms, that are just as likely to be retained for a few years only as for the rest of the lifetime. The promise of farming in Maine this year is likewise extremely good, which helps much in strengthening and deepening this feeling of contentment. Her culturists may go as far from home as they please, but they will find no State, all things considered, that will yield them what is to be got from the familiar acres they now occupy.

Within the limits of the State are comprised twenty-one million acres of territory, made up of an unclassified succession and variety of hills, knolls, rocks, intervales and streams. The lower section of the State is classed as the maritime section, and is peculiarly adapted to the raising of sheep for mutton; the middle section is at present the chief farming section, and is a region adapted for the production of sweet and heavy mutton. Large sheep ranges along the coast are likely in the near future to attest the revival of the common interest in agriculture in a new and enterprising way. The State has sixty thousand farmers, who have it in their power to raise its agricultural reputation to a height never yet attained. In Queen Elizabeth's time, England produced an average of wheat per acre far below any point yet reached by Maine, but since that day has by careful cultivation increased her product to a ratio of more than five to one. It shows what Maine can do just as easily.

In the first place, she is near to good markets. She has a great many of her own. Then here is the larger one of Boston, which is easily reached at all times by boat and rail. She has a railroad system that makes transportation cheap and frequent to all points, and in the future it is to be greatly enlarged and extended. There is not a market in Europe, on the Atlantic coast, in the Provinces, or in the West Indies and South America, which she cannot reach directly from her own ports, without having to cross the territory of other States. And being so largely maritime, her coasters may be built at home for carrying her products to their destination. Her cities are full of life and energy; bright, brisk and active; with populations whose enterprise cannot be checked. No State on the whole coast from Florida up possesses such numerous and excellent harbors. Her product of hay is to-day in demand far and near, but if it were converted into cheese and mutton it would be more easily handled, yield better profits, and leave her farms in far better condition.

The climate of Maine is specially calculated to stimulate industry. It is a tonic for real workers. None but hardy and successful men could breathe it. While her forests enjoy a name everywhere, and her minerals are a great and permanent addition to her resources, and her shipbuilders and sailors and fishermen form an invaluable element in the intrinsic wealth of the State, her Agriculture merits that attention which is excited by the conviction that in this open field of industry Maine is to attain the sustaining greatness which is rightfully her own. There are certain great specialties in agriculture which her farmers may make their own. Fronting the ocean as the State does, there is no obstruction to the free export of all they may produce for the markets of the country and the world.

Maine stands first on the roll of the States of the Union, and is the first to be called when the roll is gone through. It is eminently proper that the new series of agricultural exhibitions in New England, which begins this Fall, should open in that State. The decision of the Executive Officers of the New England Agricultural Society to locate the Fair at Portland was received with every mark of satisfaction by the farmers of Maine. From the State Society down to individual cultivators there was an immediate demonstration of genuine enthusiasm. All sides resolved that this mark of honor should not be mis-bestowed. They began forthwith to combine their energies and organize their plans for a triumph that should be worthy of the decision. Throughout the State there is a feeling of confidence and a general purpose to make the coming Exhibition a new departure for the New England Society.

And the other New England States are joining heartily with Maine in her timely resolution. They feel that her honor is theirs also. They rejoice with her in the opportunity to make a full public presentation of the year's products and agricultural operations. The New England Agricultural Society is their sole active agent to draw them all together in the bonds of a lasting fraternity, that derives its strength from an honored occupation. The farmers of all the New England States will therefore rally around the Society, to clothe it with still more of their own energy and power. They intend to exhibit at Portland the fruits of their successful labor, and impress all visitors with the superiority of the claims of an agricultural life. It is to be a jubilee as well as an exhibition, that will make glad the heart of the great farming community. We appeal to all, therefore, to make early and earnest preparations for it, resolved to lift it high above the other events of the year, and leave it a conspicuous landmark in the advancement of New England agriculture.

What was done by the officers of the New England Agricultural Society and the Maine State Agricultural Society at Portland, last week, should give a start to the farmers of every New England State. The work is now fairly entered upon, and let it be pushed straight for vard to success.

THE RAILROAD RIOTS.

The exciting topic of the week has been the great strike on the railroads of the country, beginning at Martinsburg, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio. Thence it extended into Ohio, to Pittsburg, to Hornellsville on the Erie road, and, like a fire set to a train of powder, generally throughout the West. It so happens that the railroad system itself is peculiarly adapted to the rapid spread of such a feeling of revolt. There was serious trouble at Baltimore, when the military moved down to take the trains to protect the railroad at the interior points which were menaced, several persons were killed outright, and many more were wounded. But the gravest demonstrations of the mob occurred at Pittsburg on Saturday night and Sunday, terminating in scenes of violence and destruction without a parallel in this country.

It appears, from reliable authority, that it was not the railroad strikers themselves who were responsible for these tumults, but a mob of people who had no connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad whatever, forgers in iron, workers in foundries, and the large class that necessarily forms a powerful element physically in a population like that of Pittsburg. They became angered, and as they poured into the streets were ready for almost any sort of a demonstration that was characterized by lawlessness. The appearance of a military force sent from Philadelphia incensed them, and the obstruction they offered to their movements brought on a use of muskets which from that moment fairly made the mob mad. After that it was nothing but vengeance and violence, with killing, incendiarism and indiscriminate plundering.

Yet the mob was scrupulously careful not to molest any property except that belonging to the railroad, little thinking, however, that it did not belong to the obnoxious officers of the road but to thousands of innocent stockholders who were scattered in all parts of the country. Mobs are ever unreasoning; if they were not, they would cease to be mobs. This one stormed through the streets, cleaned out armories and gunshops, took ammunition where it could lay hands on it, and prepared for battle. It defied the authorities equally with the military. The latter were shut up in the roundhouse for such an alliance, so much the worse for its future prospects; it forfeits the public confidence until it turns and repudiates the unnatural association. It is not very strange that there should be a show of resistance to the prevailing shrinkage in the prices of everything; but that comes from the operation of a natural law, not by any arbitrary action of corporations or capitalists. All of us have got to live on less for the future. The great debt under which the country staggers has changed the outlook. It has mortgaged the industry of many generations. To learn economy may be a painful lesson, but it will hurt nobody. None of us yet know what is the minimum on which life can be respectably supported.

In these disturbed times the farmer has special cause to be satisfied with his position in the social state. He need fear no combinations nor redress by arbitrary methods. His career is one of peaceful and contented industry, and in his own sphere he deserves to be envied of all classes. While other callings are under a cloud, the farmers of New England can show at Portland, this year, the substantial reasons that minister to his contentment.

THE SPELLING REFORM.

They had a meeting of the Spelling Reform Association in Baltimore last week, when the theories recently started for a reformation of our prevalent modes of spelling were presented, with practical illustrations. It is the phonetic system that is proposed, or a plan for making the sound and the form of the word expressing it to correspond. Some of the sentences that were put before the public by the Association were so unique in point of spelling that they would provoke any one's laughter. There is no question that an improvement in English spelling is much to be desired and could be readily compassed; but it seems equally obvious that any changes must be gradual, and become a part of the body of our language by growth rather than by an arbitrary process. The inconsistency of our spelling need but be alluded to.

New England, outside of her strictly farming interests, has the best of reasons for cherishing a feeling of gratitude towards the Agricultural Society that bears her name. It is doing as much as any other consolidated agency known in proclaiming the success of New England industry and the happiness and prosperity of New England life.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

Special Premiums for Trotting.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1877.

No. 1—$200; for 3 minute class, $100, 50, 30, 20. No. 2—$300; for stallions, $250, 125, 75, 50.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5.

No. 3—$250; for 2 40 class, $125, 65, 35, 25. No. 4—$300; for 2.30 class, $150, 75, 45, 30.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 6.

No. 5—$20; for 2.50 class, $100, 50, 30, 20. No. 6—$250; for 2.35 class, $125, 65, 35, 25. No. 7—$100; for 4 year olds, $50, 25, 15, 10.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 7.

No. 8—$200; for 2.45 class, $100, 50, 30, 20. No. 9—$300; for free to all, $250, 125, 75, 50.

CONDITIONS.

All horses must be owned in New England. The above races will be mile heats, best three in five in harness, and conducted under the rules of the National Association for the promotion of the interests of the American Trotting Turf. In heats where eight or more horses start, the distance will be one hundred and fifty yards (150). If less than eight horses start the distance will be one hundred yards (100). Heats in each day's races will be trotted alternately. Horses distancing the field will receive first money only. A horse ruled out will not be entitled to a premium. The horses in each class must be ready at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the day advertised. Horses will close on Monday, August 27, at 10 P. M. Any bona-fide entry made prior to August 14, upon which entrance money is paid at the time of making the entry, will be eligible, although the horse may have made better time between the 14th and time of closing entries. All purses must be four or more entries, and three to start.

Entries must be made in writing and sealed, and accompanied with entrance fee, 10 per cent. of purse, addressed to Samuel Wasson, or Wm. F. Garcelon, Portland, Maine, No. 27 Preble street. Entries made on the day of closing will be eligible.

Nothing is talked of just now but the great railroad strike, which our railroad system itself furnishes every facility for spreading. The strikers, who are laborers, owe it to themselves to denounce the gangs of ruffians, thieves and incendiaries that destroy property by the millions and obstruct the course of business and travel, in their name.

How few of those engaged in the riotous destruction of property reflect that it all has to be paid for by the city, town, county or State, and that it comes out of labor at last. For labor, therefore, to countenance these doings is as if it were to go into the streets and empty its pockets of what money it still has.

It is a relief to know that to the sphar of hardy New Bedford marines, Capt. Crapo and wife, have arrived safely in England, after a long voyage not undisturbed with gales. The only drawback to the congratulations we have to offer is that others will certainly be foolhardy enough to imitate their example. Success does not fall to everybody in this way.

The strikes have an appreciable effect on railroad shares in the market as might be expected. Their influence on the produce and export trade must be felt much more heavily. The interruption to commercial engagements is of a most serious nature, and if continued only a little while would exhaust the supply of wheat and corn sufficiently to bring starvation prices to the strikers themselves.

Saratoga has been having the races this week, and gay times they have proved for the visitors at the Springs. There have been many first-class horses at the track, and the speed was well up. This makes the second meeting of the octolateral series, that at Springfield being the first.

It is an innocent and worthy competition, as compared with others, that of the farming brotherhood. It only brings men together, instead of separating them; it is better, rather than worse, for society and its development.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

THE TOWN OF SITKA, ALASKA, IN DANGER.

New York, July 24. A Port Townsend, Wyoming Territory, despatch, dated the 23d, says the steamer California, from Sitka, arrived last night, reports that there is great danger of the destruction of the entire town of Sitka with all its inhabitants. A few days ago the people got out of sight of the town when the Indians came pouring inside the stockade and entered and pillaged all the government buildings wanted. Sitka Jack, head and chief of the Kolish tribe, told Captain Thorne that the country was his, and on the return of his master, Jealous, would take possession of the town. At the evening entertainments among the whites in the town, the Indians came boldly and refused to leave. There will be 10,000 Indians about Sitka on the return of Jack's men from fishing, and as the whites only number forty, the probabilities are that our next intelligence will be of their utter destruction. The blame seems to be between the War department and the Treasury. A vessel should be sent at once to their rescue. Collector Perry has made every effort, but in vain, to obtain an armed vessel. He himself came down on the California to Victoria. Perry is very sick.

Deadwood, July 24. Mr. Oxford arrived this morning from Hayfields, in the vicinity of Spearfish. He reports a train of forty wagons, supposed to be from Deadwood, and bound to Brighton, arrived at Spearfish city, and were driven in by the Indians. The bodies of four men, killed by a band of twenty Indians, were brought in. Another body was buried near where the fight occurred. The Haymakers have gone into town for safety.

☞In answer to the question: Why are farmers so liable to rheumatism? the *Science of Health* says: "Because they wear wet clothing, heat and suddenly chill the body, over-eat after very hard work, and because they do not keep the skin in a clean and healthy condition. If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not over-eat when in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism."

The Meeting at Portland.—An account of the meeting last Friday, at Portland, of the Executive Officers of the New England Agricultural Society and of the officers of the State Agricultural Society of Maine will be read with universal interest in another column. It will be seen that the plans for conducting the September Fair at Portland were then fully matured and put in operation. The feeling manifested by all those who participated in this preliminary meeting was one of confidence and enthusiasm. Not a doubt was so much as suggested concerning the triumphant success of the approaching Exhibition but on the contrary there was but one expression on the part of those present, and that was wholly and emphatically favorable to its prospects. The same spirit shown by the other States which is shown by Maine in this matter will place the Fair above every one on the brilliant list of Fairs that forms the honorable record of the New England Society. The local preparations for the Exhibition, it will be seen, are generous and comprehensive, and cannot but convince every one that this most worthy enterprise has been undertaken by the right men, at the right time, and in an earnest spirit that will be satisfied with nothing less than an unparalleled success.

Spread of the Strike.—The railroad strike has spread until it envelopes the whole of the great Middle States, and extends west on the lines of the leading railroads. There is no telling to what extent it will proceed, nor how many industries it may sweep into its vortex. Labor is everywhere disconcerted with the dull times and what that phrase implies. People are in want who never knew what want was before But rioting is no cure for the prevailing evil. Nor do we believe that honest and intelligent labor has any responsible share in these scenes of violence. They are caused by the idle class, and especially by the dissolute, the roughs, the thieves, and those who go in for anarchy in the hope of securing plunder. Against such society is summond to combine every one of its forces in self-protection. The reign of agrarianism is the overthrow of everything like republicanism, and it must therefore be met resolutely on the threshold of the struggle.

Fresh Meat Exports.—It is with deep satisfaction that we are enabled to record the rapid increase of our exports of fresh meat and live stock to Europe, for which a trade is going to be one of the most profitable and important industries of the country. For the last year, the statistics of our exports to Great Britain show a remarkable increase. Since the 1st of January last, there have been shipped from Portland, Boston, New York and Philadelphia, meat and live stock of the value of $5,805,220, against $1,755,191 for the same time last year. New York, of course shipped the most, amounting to 36,785,000 pounds, against 17,733,285 pounds last year. The other ports forwarded only to Liverpool, their total of fresh beef exports being 50,010,000 pounds, at an average of 10¼ cents per pound. The exports from New York have doubled, while those from Philadelphia have increased in the ratio of five to one.

St. Louis Fair.—We have the schedule and programme of the Seventeenth St. Louis Fair and Exposition, to be held in that city in the Fall, as follows: the Industrial Exposition opens on the 10th of September, and the Live Stock, Floral, Fruit and other departments on the 1st of October. The whole will close on the 6th of October. The premiums offered amount to five thousand dollars. The wide spread and high reputation of the St. Louis Exposition will not fail to attract to it, in this year of bounty, a larger multitude of visitors than has been recorded in any previous year. All the preparations are on the most comprehensive plan, and exceedingly generous inducements are held out to exhibitors. The Press will be provided with all possible facilities for the entertainment of its representatives and the execution and forwarding of its necessary work.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS FOR 1877.

STATE, PROVINCIAL, &c.

New England, Portland, Me.	Sep. 3-7
State, Portland, Maine.	Sept. 3, 7
American Institute, New York	Sep. 12, Nov. —
American Pomological, Baltimore, Md.	Sep. 13-14
California, Sacramento	Sep. 17-29
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 15-20
Illinois, Freeport	Sep. 17-22
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 24-29
Iowa, Cedar Rapids	Sept. 10-22
Michigan, Jackson	Sept. 17-21
Minnesota, Minneapolis	Sep. 3-8
Nebraska, Lincoln	Sept. 17-22
New Jersey, Waverley	Sept. 17-21
New York, Rochester	Sept. 17-22
Oregon, Salem	Oct. 8-13
St. Louis Association, St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 1-6
Texas, Austin	Oct. 9-13
Wisconsin, Janesville	Sept. 10-14

COUNTY AND TOWN.

MAINE.

Maine Dairymen, Orono	Sept. 18, 20
Maine Pomological, Waterville	Sept. 25, 28
Androscoggin, Lewiston	Oct. 2, 4
Franklin, Farmington	Oct. 10, 12
Franklin Central, Strong	Oct. 3, 4
Kennebec, Readfield	Oct. 2, 4
Penobscot, Orono	Sept. 18, 20
Piscataquis, East, Milo	Sept. 26, 27
Sagadahoc, Topsham	Oct. 9, 11
Somerset Central, Skowhegan	Sept. 18, 20
Washington, Pembroke	Sept. 18, 20

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Strafford, Great Falls	Sept. 11, 13

VERMONT.

Caledonia,	Sept. 18, 20
Franklin, Sheldon	Sept. 19-21
Washington, Montpelier	Sept. 11, 13

RHODE ISLAND.

Woonsocket, Woonsocket	—, —

CONNECTICUT.

Windham, Brooklyn	Sept. 18, 20

NEW YORK.

Chantauqua, Jamestown	Sep 18-21
Columbia, Chatham	Sept 19-21
Essex, Westport	Sept 11-13
Franklin, Malone	Sept 25-27
Lewis, Lowville	Sept 11-14
Niagara, Lockport	Sept 20-22
Orleans, Albion	Sept 21-22
Queens, Mineola	Oct. 2-4

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL FAIRS FOR 1877.

Essex, at Lawrence, September 25 and 26.
Middlesex, at Concord, September 27, 28 and 29.
Middlesex North, at Lowell, September 25 and 26.
Middlesex South, at Framingham, September 18 and 19.
Worcester, at Worcester, September 20 and 21.
Worcester West, at Barre, September 27 and 28.
Worcester North, at Fitchburg, September 25.
Worcester Northwest, at Athol, October 2 and 3.
Worcester South, at Sturbridge, September 13 and 14.
Worcester South-East, at Milford, September 25, 26 and 27.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, at Northampton, October 3, 4 and 5.
Hampshire, at Amherst, September 18 and 19.
Highland, at Middlefield, September 13 and 14.
Hampden, at Springfield, September 25 and 26.
Hampden East, at Palmer, September 18 and 19.
Union, at Blandford, September 19, 20 and 21.
Franklin Central, at Greenfield, September 27 and 28.
Deerfield Valley, at Charlemont, September 13 and 14.
Berkshire, at Pittsfield, October 3, 3 and 4.
Housatonic, at Great Barrington, September 26, 27 and 28.
Hoosac Valley, at North Adams, September 18 and 19.
Norfolk, at Readville, September 27 and 28.
Bristol, at Taunton, September 25, 26 and 27.
Bristol Central, at Myrick's, September 12, 13 and 14.
Plymouth, at Bridgewater, September 19, 20 and 21.
Hingham, at Hingham, September 26 and 27.
Marshfield, at Marshfield, October 3, 4 and 5.
Barnstable, at Barnstable, September 18 and 19
Nantucket, at Nantucket, September 3 and 6.
Martha's Vineyard, at West Tisbury, October 2 and 3.

DELEGATES FROM THE STATE BOARD.

Essex, at Lawrence, Alexander Macy, Jr.
Middlesex, at Concord, Dr. Geo. B. Loring.
Middlesex North, at Lowell, Metcalf J. Smith.
Middlesex South, at Framingham, John E. Merrill.
Worcester, at Worcester, J. N. Bagg.
Worcester West, at Barre, Milo J. Smith.
Worcester North, at Fitchburg, Dr. H. P. Wakefield.
Worcester Northwest, at Athol, Arthur A. Smith.
Worcester South, at Sturbridge, Henry C. Comins.
Worcester Southeast, at Milford, Col. Henry S. Russell.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, at Northampton, John A. Hawes.
Hampshire, at Amherst, Hebron H. Vincent.
Highland, at Middlefield, Elijah Perry.
Hampden, at Springfield, Charles G. Davis.
Hampden East, at Palmer, Edmund Bennett.
Union, at Blandford, Nathaniel Upham.
Franklin, at Greenfield, George M. Baker.
Deerfield Valley, at Charlemont, James T. Burnap.
Berkshire, at Pittsfield, A. H. Holland.
Housatonic, at Great Barrington, William Knowlton.
Hoosac Valley, at North Adams, E. T. Lewis.
Norfolk, at Readville, E. C. Hawkes.
Bristol, at Taunton, William E. Johnson.
Bristol Central, at Myrick's, O. B. Hadwen.
Plymouth, at Bridgewater, D. B. Fenn.
Hingham, at Hingham, Paul A. Chadbourne.
Marshfield, at Marshfield, S. B. Phinney.
Barnstable, at Barnstable, Edmund Hersey.
Nantucket, at Nantucket, Franklin C. Knox.
Martha's Vineyard, at West Tisbury, Stephen Shepley.

☞"Brigadier."—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the imported thoroughbred stallion "Brigadier," advertised to make a short season at Readville Park, Readville, Mass. This horse is as fine a specimen of the English thoroughbred as can be produced in point of breeding, combining as he does the richest and best strains of blood ever upon the turf. His size, high form, the strength of his pedigree, and above all his incomparable constitution make it reasonably certain that his foals from good mares cannot but prove to be useful horses for the turf, the road, or the saddle. To those who wish to cross trotting mares with thoroughbred blood, this horse offers an exceptionally fine opportunity. See advertisement in another column for full particulars.

☞*The Potato Bug Trap*, which is advertised in this week's *Ploughman*, is a very recent invention for capturing this pest alive and obviating the use of poisons for his destruction. The cut accompanying the notice shows just what it is. All the invaders are caught by this contrivance, and then carried off like the cars that are nested in the streets by the licensed dog-catchers. They cannot escape when once secured in the trap, and the application of scalding water gives them their quietus. Sold by Samuel Hartwell, Lincoln, Mass.

☞4,500 dollars will purchase 1,200 young Merino ewes, a complete running outfit, and a fine sheep ranche in southeastern Colorado. Address, F. M. P., P. O. Box 827, Fouton.

TITANS AND MEN.

"Blessed are the meek," exclaims the voice of inspiration, but can a man be meek with the consciousness that a dreadful monster is consuming his vitals. We are a race of Titans. A Prometheus might stand chained to the torturing rock with a vulture perpetually gnawing his liver, and his face ever wear an expression of heroic and even meek endurance. But Prometheus has left no descendants. With vultures (disease) consuming his liver, the modern man makes himself and every one around him miserable. Fretful, gloomy, hypochondriacal, he sees the world and life all on the wrong side—the dark side—and whoever dares to assert that there is a sunny side, he regards as an enemy, or at best a mocker of his imaginary woes. Unlike the mythical Titan, the victim of disease is not succorless. There is an arm to rescue—a balm to cleanse and heal. As the remedies for this most depressing of all diseases,—"Liver Complaint,"—none are more efficient or popular than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Pellets effectually remove the effete and poisonous matter, while the Medical Discovery imparts strength and health to the entire system. They are sold by druggists.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Almost every day the papers chronicle the suicide of some unfortunate whose mind has been enfeebled by dyspepsia, over whose earthly horizon a heavy gloom has gathered from the untold and unutterable agonies of this cruel complaint, the most prolific of all the most depressing diseases afflicting humanity. It is cosmopolitan in its nature—no country is exempt from its visitations, no climate free from its attacks. There is a balm in Gilead; it comes in the shape of PERUVIAN SYRUP. For years it has been scattering its blessings abroad. There is probably no case of confirmed dyspepsia but is amply proved to be remediable by the PERUVIAN SYRUP as dyspepsia. The most inveterate forms of this disease have been completely cured by this medicine, as ample testimony of many of our first citizens prove Sold by all druggists.

☞Scald head and numerous other diseases of the scalp, for the cure of which so many forms of ointment and plaster have been invented by medical men, can be simply and effectually remedied by washing the head with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles at $1, for the cure of colic, old sores, sprains and bruises, is the best in the world, or no pay. TOBIAS' CONDITION POWDERS are warranted to cure fever, bots, worms, give a fine coat, and increase the appetite; 25 cents; certified to by Colonel D. McDaniel, owner of some of the fastest running horses in the world, and hundreds of other persons. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Boston. Agents

☞Potato bugs have eaten up all the potatoes in some parts of New England and gone to work on the geranium and verbenas.

THE STOCK MARKET.

State Street, 3 P. M., July 25, 1877.

	OFFERED.	ASKED.
American Gold	104½	105
Boston Land Co.	3	3½
Boston Water Power Company	2½	2¾
Brookline Land Company	—	—
Eastern Railroad, 6 per cent.	—	51
Boston, Hartford & Erie R. R. 7s	9½	10
Boston & Albany Railroad	112½	113
Boston & Maine Railroad	87	87½
Lincoln, Sandy & Cleveland R. R.	1	1½
Eastern Railroad	30	31
Metropolitan Railroad	—	59
Manufacturers' Gas Light Co.	40	—
Old Colony Railroad	84½	85
Rutland Railroad, preferred	—	—
Vermont & Canada Railroad	—	—

SPECIAL NOTICES

Throw Physic to the Dogs!

BRYAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS.

PATENTED.

A SELF-CURE for all diseases arising from a loss of Vital Force, also **Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Epilepsy, Hysteria, Weak Lungs, Nervous Debility, Weakness, Kidney Complaints, Impotency, and Physical Prostration.**

This improvement embraces the effective properties of electricity **WITHOUT** requiring Vinegar or other liquid to excite action. The metals in this belt are so nicely adjusted that the heat and moisture of the body is sufficient to evolve the current of Electricity and they are far superior to anything of the kind before offered as a therapeutic curative without regard to **CURE.** They encircle the body with **Electric and Magnetic Influence,** restore the Nervous and Debilitated and impart New Life and Strength to the waning organism. Standard Quality.

(PRICE TEN DOLLARS.)

Warranted Perfect and equal to representation.

Illustrated Pamphlets, with certificates from Physicians and persons who have been cured, sent free and Dr. Bryan will advise the afflicted in relation to treatment on receipt of particulars.

Address *(and give the name of this paper)*

BRYAN APPLIANCE CO.,
Jly21 **147 East Fifteenth St.**, NEW YORK.

INVALID!!

We offer you in **Dr. Warren's Bilious Bitters** a medicine, a single dose of which will convince you of its efficacy in curing LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BOILS, FELTLES, Humors of the Blood, Eruptions on the Skin, and all complaints caused by Impure Blood, Obstructed Circulation, or a Diseased and Deranged condition of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. **JOHN A. PERRY & CO., Proprietors.** Sold by all Druggists. je30-13t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. O. T. Walker, Mr. George E. Leach to Miss Lena E. Brummitt, both of Lynn.
In this city, July 19, by Rev. Henry M. King, Mr. Dana Parks to Ellen Tree Oliver, both of Boston.
In Dorchester, July 18, by Rev. George A. Thayer, Mr. Oscar Leland to Miss Fannie A. Emerson, all of Boston.
In Lynn, July 12, by Rev. Walter Barton, Mr. George Brickett of Boston, to Miss Julia W. Eastman of Derry, N. H.
In Revere, June 15, by Rev. Mr. Palmer, Charles A. Phelps of Middleton, to Miss Sarah A. Chick of Danvers.
In Watertown, July 21, by Rev. T. W. Bishop, Mr. Frank C. Bearce to Miss Addie E. Hill.
In Newton Lower Falls, by Rev. H. Makar, W. Loring Clark of Boston, to Hattie A. Joy of Newton Lower Falls.
In Winchester, July 19, by Rev. A. B. Dascomb, Mr. J. Amory Herrick of Nashua, to Mary Ada Davis of Guilford, N. H.
In Southboro', July 20, by Rev. W. H. Watson, Mr. George W. Fay to Miss Emma A. Taylor, both of Southboro'.
In Wrentham, Mass., July 23, by Rev. Edward A. Rand, Mr. F. O. Cass of Chipago, to Miss Carrie E. Philips of Wrentham.
In Hampton Falls, N. H., July 17, by Rev. B. F. McDaniel, Charles H. Andrews to Florence E. Tilton, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 23, Charlotte Augusta, wife of the late C. Morton Stimson of Newton, 63 years.
In this city, July 21, Mrs. Matilda, wife of Hatch Freeman, formerly of Barre, 82 years.
In this city, July 20, Mrs. Rebecca E., wife of Mr. Horace P. Milton, and daughter of the late James and Sarah McNear of Wiscasset, Me., 36 yrs 6 mos.
In this city, July 20, Dr. Henry F. Johnson, 64 years 1 month.
In this city, July 18, Lucy Whiting, wife of Joseph Hay, 91 years.
In this city, July 23, Adeline, daughter of the late James Davis.
In this city, July 24, Mary Hopkins, 91 years.
In Newburyport, July 21, Mrs. Lydia (Gordon) Wiggles

READ AND RUN.

The great railroad strike, with the attendant rioting, engrosses public attention to the exclusion of interest in all other intelligence.

— Queen Victoria is said to be particularly fond of India shawls. The sapphire is her favorite stone.

— The Eades Mississippi jetties are already pronounced an assured success.

— There is little use in a State's calling for immigrants to do the work unless its own people fail to first.

— A man at Long Branch recently remarked that he did not like pastry of any kind, even in diamonds.

— An exodus of colored people to Africa is by no means among the improbabilities of the near future.

— The Czar of Russia is a laborious worker, and takes his dinner punctually at twelve o'clock.

— The poet Whittier writes,—"It would be much better if our poets would oftener celebrate the cloudless victories of peace and good will."

— The great elm of West Springfield, which was planted by Herman Day, in 1776, was struck by lightning on Tuesday of last week, and one of its limbs was broken off. It is one of the noblest trees in New England, its trunk being nearly twenty-seven feet in circumference.

— The Cabinet and the President are all said to be extremely fond of billiards.

— Dr. J. G. Holland, of Scribner's Magazine, has bought an island in the St. Lawrence and named it Bonny Castle. He intends to erect a Swiss cottage on it.

— Another anti-tramp association has been formed near Philadelphia.

— Resumption isn't going to hurt anybody but those who have misused borrowed money.

— The new tunnel which Henry Meigs is constructing in Peru is expected to expose silver ore now submerged in the mountain, worth from three to five hundred millions of dollars.

— It is claimed for Dr. Theopolis Clark, of Plymouth, Vt., that he is the oldest physician in existence.

— The increased activity in the English shipyards show that England is getting ready for war.

— The Russian Journals are already attacking what they style "English perfidy."

— The exports for Portland for the past year have been something more than sixteen millions, against thirteen millions for the year previous.

— Twelve of the fifty-five lime-kilns of Rockland, Me., are at present in operation, because of the dullness of business.

— A prisoner for life in a New York State prison has just invented and patented a plan for propelling vessels of every kind, for a half interest in which he has been offered $25,000.

— Ex-Gov. Packard, of Louisiana, is at his native place in Maine, on a visit.

— The City Council has put through the scheme for a Park of one hundred acres in the Back Bay.

— The Indian Chief Joseph wants peace now.

— Last week was called Cadet weather in Boston. The Cadets were in camp at Nahant.

— Swordfish are reported very abundant in New York Bay.

— The Maryland Fifth Regiment, which was at the Bunker Hill celebration in 1875, was in the thick of the riot in Baltimore.

— There is a good deal of method about the madness of the murderers in Worcester, that looks looking into.

— It is not much to be wondered at that there is a reign of terror in Constantinople.

— It was a perfect "reign of terror" in Pittsburg, last Sunday.

— Mrs. Custer, of Gen. Stark's wife, whom he styled Molly, is a nut which the amateur anti-quarians are cracking.

— Last week will long be remembered as the busiest week. It was sticky, muggy and disagreeable.

— Taunton is to have another print mill.

— Salmon have been discovered in the Merrimac, and they will have legal protection extended to them.

— Martial law is to be in force at Bennington during the Centennial celebration, and there is a great deal of feeling about it.

— A burglar has tried to rob Mark Twain's residence in Hartford. Probably he did it only for fun.

— Lucy Larcom is said to have once been a factory operative. So much the more credit for her now.

— The great danger of the better classes in this country is from secret drinking.

— *The elder of the Smith sisters*, of Glastenbury, Conn., is over eighty years old, and she walks two miles at midday without fatigue.

— The weather probabilities are a leading object for letting upon, in an India city.

— East Boston got up quite a celebration over the passage of the ordinance making the ferries free.

— The well known comedian, Placide, committed suicide last week, in New Jersey. He was sixty-nine years old.

— The marble floor tiling of the new City Hall in San Francisco is to be furnished by a Vermont company.

— Under the law limiting the debts of towns and cities in this Commonwealth, Boston can increase her present debt but $6,949,618 more, when her legal limit will be reached.

— The present tight style in ladies dresses is proven to have originated in Poland, and not in Paris.

— Charles Dickens still continuns to be editor of *All the Year Round*.

— President MacMahon, of France, is the grandson of an obscure country doctor who came from Limerick, Ireland, in 1747.

— Mr. Longfellow says that English and German poets are much more affected by local and domestic associations than the poets of other countries.

— The "knitting school" of Boston is deservedly attracting attention in other cities.

— The jewellers of Attleboro, in this State, are shipping large quantities of their goods to Germany, Canada, Mexico, South America and Great Britain, transacting their business through commission merchants.

— Cattle are being exported from this country to England in increasing numbers.

— Vineland, N. J., will send two thousand tons of grapes east this year.

— Harvard has had about 250 applications for admission to the Freshman Class this year, of which one-fifth were unsuccessful.

— The number of deaths in Boston last week was 188.

— Sickness among children is unusually common this season, in Charlestown, South Boston, and the lower wards of the city.

— The boats that ply in the harbor are laden with passengers daily.

— The next lecture of Rev. W. H. H. Murray is to be on "Man Building."

— Fruit, flowers and vegetables made a most attractive display at Horticultural Hall, on Saturday last.

— The cities and towns of Massachusetts are making up their valuation lists and establishing their taxation rates. Boston tax payers are expecting to be assessed at the rate of about $13 on a thousand.

— Mr. and Mrs. Crapo, of New Bedford, have arrived out, after their long voyage in their little seventeen foot craft across the Atlantic.

— An English Lord recently fainted away during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

— The proposed visit of the Governors will be postponed in consequence of pressing engagements at home.

— The rioters do not seem to know that labor has got to pay for all their wanton destruction.

— A railroad war map is out already.

— The Canadian pilgrims to Rome have returned home and received a hearty greeting.

— The uprising of the labor-unions at this time is only a futile attempt to resist the law of nature, which commands us all to come down to first-bottom again. The flush days are over for this generation, and the fact may just as well be accepted now as later.

— The passage of the U. S. troops from the forts through the city southward, last Monday, had a look of war about it that brought back old times.

— The great strike is likely to create serious complications in commerce and trade circles, and in the end to be as bad as it can for labor itself.

— One hundred and twenty-five men were engaged in the Boston and Maine strike, and but one of the whole number has since obtained employment.

— Fresh mackerel are scarce, and the ice trade is poor

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, · · · BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877.

The Poet's Corner.

MADRIGAL.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

(DORUS *to* LYCORIS, *who reproved him for inconstancy.*)

Why should I constant be?
The birds in yonder tree,
This leafy summer,
Hath not his last year's mate,
Nor dreads to venture fate
With a new comer.

Why should I fear to slip
The sweets of each red lip?
In every bower
The roving bee may taste
(Lest ought should run to waste)
Each fresh-blown flower.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south wind kisses
The saucy milkmaid's cheek,
The nun's demure and meek,
Nor any misses.

Then ask no more of me
That I should constant be,
Nor eke desire it;
Take not such idle pains
To hold our love in chains,
Nor coax, nor hire it.

Rather, like some bright elf,
Be all things in thyself,
Forever changing,
So that thy latest mood
May ever bring new food
To Fancy ranging.

Forget what thou wast first,
And as I loved thee erst
In soul and feature,
I'll love thee out of mind
When each new morn shall find
Thee a new creature.

"Midsummer Holiday Number" of Scribner.

Ladies' Department.

SNIP-SNAP.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER, OF BALTIMORE.

Cynthia Susan Simpson, aged eighteen, with the pretty talent of pleasing men, was the acknowledged belle of the little Marrow Squash Valley.

This little talent of pleasing men is sometimes given by nature as a compensation for the lack of every other accomplishment or the talent for procuring any; but this was not the case with Cynthia, who had sound New England sense, and a vein of sprightliness in her composition, which latter, as I take it, requires several other talents for its support; otherwise it soon degenerates into silliness, whence it sours into vulgar illnature in the country girl—in the lady of society, into sarcasm.

Cynthia was pretty in the freshness of her age. The beauty of New England cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. The loveliness of girlhood rarely ripens in the matron. Cynthia was afraid to risk her loveliness by marriage, no doubt; for, while she encouraged the attentions of every "beaux," who, in the language of her society, "went to see her, evening after evening at the snug farmhouse of her father, whenever any of these swains took the opportunity to press on her the nature of his case and urge the necessity of his speedy cure, she cut the matter short with him.

Truth must be said: among all her declared lovers, there was not one who appeared a very desirable match for her.

The richest was Seth Taggart, who paid his last visit to her one afternoon in a brand new suit of glossy, fine, black broadcloth Pretty Cynthia was alone, and prepared by previous experience to discern symptoms of an assault on the citadel of her affections. She pursed her pretty mouth and sewed with nimble glancing fingers on the sleeve of one of the old Squire's shirts of unbleached cotton, and thought to herself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and wondered how he could get out of the fix in which he found himself, and how she could dare to think she had given him any encouragement, and looked very bewitching.

Poor Seth sat on the verge of his chair and gazed through the window which was open, into the woods; but his mind was like that of Wordsworth's Peter—

"A primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more."

He did not find any inspiration in the woods, so he began to look into the ashes.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, at length, "did you ever see a crow?"

"Yes, Mr. Seth," said she, folding her gusset and looking at it as demurely as possible.

"Black, ain't it?" said Seth.

"Very."

Then came a pause. "Durn it! I wish she'd help me out," said Seth in his own thoughts. "The little minx knows what I want to say, and she *might* help me to say it!"

What man has not thought thus at courting time, and wished to borrow feminine tact and the larger experience of women to help him out of the slough of despond he is beginning to sink into? What man would not give the world to know how the last man who offered himself to her got through with it?

"Ever seen an owl?" said Seth at length, falling back upon his own resources.

"Often, Mr. Seth," lisped pretty Cynthia. "It's got big eyes, ain't it now?"

"Very big eyes," said she.

Seth grew angry. He thought it a "mean shame" she wouldn't "help him out," while she sat there "looking good enough to eat" and laughing at him (as even his blunt perception told him), while her attention was apparently bestowed on the shirt sleeve. He wished it were *his* shirt she was stitching so assiduously. He stirred the ashes on the hearth and almost made up his mind that he "wasn't going to give her another chance at him;" but Cynthia dropped her cotton ball, and Seth, not rising from his chair, stretched out his long, lank arm and pick it up for her. He touched her hand as she took it back, and an electric shock thrilled through his veins, and made him feel "all over—ever so" as he sometime afterwards expressed the sensation to me.

"Miss Cynthy, maybe you are fond of maple candy?"

"Very," said she.

"Well, now," said Seth, rising, "the next time I come I'll try and bring you a great gob."

But as he drove home, behind his old farm mare, he said to himself, "I reckon I ain't going to court a gal who sees a feller in a fix and never helps him." And sure enough he never did return. Miss Cynthia lost her richest lover, and many folks even to this day believe she wished him back again. It is the way of the world: want the thing that can't be had. At least, so men have told us, and Cynthia's mouth watered I daresay many a week after that gob of maple candy.

* * * * *

It was a mellow autumn morning, and russet glow had tinged the woods at the back of Squire Simpson's homestead. It was Seth Taggart's wedding day. He was to marry that evening Susie Chase—a smiling little rosebud of a girl, to whom he found plenty of things to say as sweet to Susie as his maple candy. Cynthia, one of her best friends, was to be bridesmaid; and, as she wished to shine that night in all her bravery, and wanted some new ribbons for her hair, this want tempted her abroad a little after noon, when the harvest fields are quiet and the yoked oxen stood stamping and chewing their midday feed.

Our pretty Cynthia tripped along the patch, scattering a cloud of grasshoppers and crickets as she walked, and in her silly little pride of beilehood her heart held (though she would not have confessed the thought) that her relative value to her crowd of beaux was in the same proportion as that of one woman to many grasshoppers.

At a turn in the path she came suddenly upon one of her admirers—Frank Handy, Frank's face flushed. He had been thinking of her when she surprised him—thinking of her all that day and through a sleepless night; and in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy smiled upon him, and laid her gentle hand in his and had been gathered to his heart—was a shock to come thus suddenly on so different a reality.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," he said, stammering before he gathered self-possession and accustomed himself to her presence, "I was on my way to make you a call. If you will allow me, I will turn round and walk with you."

"I am not going far, Mr. Frank; only into the village for some ribbon for my hair, and gentlemen always dislike shopping."

She knew perfectly well that he would go with her.

"I know where a wild hop vine grows," said he. "It would make a much prettier ornament for your hair than any ribbons you could buy at the village."

"And will you get me some?"

"Turn this way into the woods, and spare me half an hour while I twist it into a wreath. I am going away from here to-morrow, perhaps. I have been offered a professorship in a school of agriculture."

"Indeed, Mr. Handy."

There was a pause. Then Cynthia resumed a little hurriedly: "I should think you would like going away. There is nothing to tempt a young gentleman to remain among us."

"I shall like it in some respects better than my present life," said Handy. "This farming life, when there are no higher interests to accompany it, does not draw out the best energies of a man. His nature, like his thought, goes round and round in the routine like a squirrel in its cage, and makes no progress."

"This man thinks higher things than I think," was Cynthia's thought, as he said this, and for a moment she felt humbled in his presence; but she rallied her pretensions, remembered her bellehood and her conquests, called to mind the light in which she had been always looked on by her lovers, and was almost disposed to revenge upon Frank Handy her passing feeling of inferiority. Frank stood in silence twining the hop wreath for her head. He did not speak. His thoughts were busy with the words that he would say to her when he broke silence. He was satisfied to have her waiting at his side—waiting for the hop wreath with its pale green bells that he was twining leisurely; and Cynthia grew impatient as she found he did not speak to her. She addressed him several questions, which he answered with an air of preoccupation. She wandered from his side a few yards among the rocks, turning over with her foot some pebbles covered with gray and orange moss, and disturbing all the swarm of busy insect life which made its home there. The influences of the day stole into her heart and made her answers soft and natural.

At last Handy broke silence, calling her to him as she stood watching the stir which the point of her foot had produced in an ant-hill.

"Miss Cynthia!"

"Is it finished?" she said quickly.

"Not the garland;" but the struggle in my heart is finished. I have been questioning with myself whether I should say to you that which I am about to say."

Cynthia gathered a leaf, and began slowly to tear apart its delicate veins and fibres.

"Miss Cynthia, is it pleasant to you to have a man say that he loves you?"

"I don't know, Mr. Handy. I suppose so. That is, I think it is sometimes very embarrassing."

"Why embarrassing, Miss Cynthia?"

He was taking her on a new tack. It was different from anything she had ever before experienced. She did not like that way of having an offer.

"It is embarrassing when I know my only answer will be No," she said, looking him in the face a moment.

"It would be more embarrassing, I think, if you were not so sure," "and if you took the matter into consideration."

"It never needs any consideration with me," she answered.

"What! did you never place seriously before your mind the subject of marriage? Have you been satisfied with the vain triumphs of a belle? And did you never look beyond to see what the happy duties of a wife and the sweet ties of home might be?"

Cynthia laughed, but the laugh was affected and constrained. "What nonsense, Mr. Handy!"

"It is not nonsense," he replied. "Such thoughts are fit for maiden meditation—they are womanly and 'womanly' above everything else I should wish my wife to be."

"I hope she may be all you wish her, Mr. Handy. We will go now, if you please, if you have finished my garland."

"It is not ready for you yet," said Handy, passing it over his arm as he took her hand.

"Cynthia, beloved! you must listen to me."

She drew her hand away, but he took it again and resumed: "You must let me feel its pulses beat while I tell you the secret of my life—of my *life*, for I have always loved you. I loved you when you were a blooming little girl, and we both went to school to Ezekias Reed. Dear Cynthia, I have loved you against hope—at times against my better reason. I have battled to tell you that, because encumbrances on my farm made my position less than that which I thought ought to be offered to you. This offer of a professorship, which adds a thousand dollars to my income, makes it possible for me to address you. Cynthia! it is not alone my heart, it is my very nature—heart and soul, mind and body—that I offer to you. It is a tried and true affection, Cynthia. It has waited patiently until the moment came when it might be offered to your acceptance. Cynthia, if you will lay this little hand in mine" (he let it fall, but stretched out his hand towards her), "I will strengthen you, shelter you, guide you. You shall be a woman higher in rank (as God ranks woman), for your union with a man's stronger, steadier, more single-minded nature, and, Cynthia, your influence for good on me will be incalculable. Who can estimate what a man owes to the affection of a woman!"

He paused, and Cynthia stood with her hand hidden in the folds of her mantle.

"No," she said slowly. "I am sorry, Mr. Handy, but I cannot be what you wish to you."

There was an embarrassed silence between them for a few moments, and then Cynthia, gathering courage with her rising pride, continued:

"I am not good enough to answer your expectations, Mr. Handy. You must look elsewhere for the kind of woman who will satisfy you."

Handy started, and his face flushed eagerly. He was about to speak. Cynthia caught the lightning of his eyes, but when they rested on her face he saw that her words were not wholly sincere, and the look faded.

"You are not dealing fairly with me, Miss Cynthia, nor yet with your own heart," he said, a little bitterly. "You are not convinced of what you said this moment. You think in your heart I am a foolish fellow and that I ask too much. You do not think that Cynthia Simpson falls short of the reasonable ideal of any man."

"I don't know why you should say such things," said Cynthia, growing angry and ready to cry. It was the first time any offer had been made to her which had not left behind it a self-satisfied feeling of triumph; and yet here was Frank Handy as incomparably superior to any other suitor she had ever had, as——Well, no matter.

"Miss Cynthia," said Frank, "when a man loves a woman as I have long loved you, there is that in her to which he bows down, doing homage to the woman's nature within her. But that does not imply unconsciousness of her faults. And that marriage only is true union in which the husband, up to whom she looks and on whom she should lean, strengthens her better nature in its struggles."

They were walking towards the homestead, and walking fast. Cynthia was angry, disturbed and mortified. Was this a time to dwell upon her faults? She admitted that she had some. Vague confession! by no means implying that Cynthia knew that at that moment she was proud, vain, insincere and petulant, and that she was crushing down the better feelings of her heart to give the victory to the coarser. If Handy wanted strength, he should woo her with more respect to her pretensions. And he *should* woo her. If he loved her as he said he did, she knew her power was great. He should bring his homage, not coldly to the womanhood within her, but to herself—to Cynthia Susan Simpson, in spite of the full display of all her faults, and even in opposition to his better reason. She was not to be defrauded of her triumph, and it would be a great one indeed if she forced him by her faults themselves to surrender at discretion.

They reached the steps over the stone wall which led on to the highway. He helped her down the steps and paused. He took the hop-wreath carefully from her arm and gave it into her hands. She took it with an indifferent air, and, as she took it, crushed some of its green blossoms. She would have treated him with more courtesy (had Handy but known it) if she had been indifferent to his admiration.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, now in a grave and measured tone, which, in spite of herself, impressed her with a sense of the powerlessness of her little arts when brought into conflict with his self-possession and sincerity, "I know very well how you have dealt by many men, and I am not disposed to fall into the ranks and take my chance among your many suitors. It is true the wound you may inflict on me will leave its scar; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. I shall never offer myself to you again." Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was he saw it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you. And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this feeling. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed—to consider in silence, calmly, (if I can) whether my love for you has been an error in my life or only its misfortune. I do not know what I shall think. To-day has shaken my confidence in you. As I said before, I shall make you no further offer, but if I make up my mind to renew the one I have just made you, I shall say 'Snip' during the evening, and if you answer 'Snap' I shall understand it is favorably received by you. Mind, he added, "I think it doubtful whether, notwithstanding my great love for you, I shall think it right to say it. I am going into the fields to meditate till eventide upon my course, and I may bring back the conviction that for the present rejection of my suit I ought to be much obliged to you. Nor shall I say 'Snip' more than once. In this uncertainty I leave the matter to your consideration."

"What impertinence!" thought Cynthia. "I never heard of such a thing!" And she began to cry, standing alone upon the highway, holding her hop-wreath in her hand. "I don't know what I had better do. I wish he had taken some other means of speaking to me. Oh, why should he be so very unkind? I don't care. It will be his loss a great deal more than mine if he is so much in love with me!"

The evil spirit was coming back, and it whispered, "He will certainly say 'Snip,' but you had better not say 'Snap' too readily."

She walked on thinking—imagining a triumph, when suddenly the thought came to her that she was confessing to herself she wanted to say "Snap"—and why? It was not possible that the tables of her pride was turned upon her, that she was in Frank Handy's power to refuse or take—that she loved him? "I don't care for him at all!" was the suggestion of the bad angel. "I only want to teach him to behave himself. He is a conceited, presuming fellow."

But when she reached the homestead and threw herself upon her little white dimity-covered bed in her own chamber, shutting out the light from her eyes with her two hands, she tried to think what life would be if Frank never said Snip—Frank, who was even then walking in the fields trying to think all the harm he could of her!

She lay on her bed and cried and disquieted herself in vain. She thought over all the good she had ever heard of Frank Handy. It seemed to her he had the good word and good opinion of everyone who knew him. Perhaps he had never shown his inmost heart to other people as he had done to her. He was not a man to put forth his pretensions. She had wronged him very much in calling him conceited and presuming; and oh, how she wished he could think a great deal better of *her!*

During the burst of tears that followed these reflections the great farm tea-bell rang. Cynthia sprang from her bed and wiped her eyes. If she looked as if she had been crying, might not some one say she was fretted to lose Seth Taggart? Seth Taggart, indeed! She wasn't going to cry for losing any man. And the evil spirits resumed their sway.

So Cynthia went down stairs towering in pride and which half an hour before had not to go to the wedding. No, she could not do that. People would certainly say things she would not like about her and Seth Taggart if she kept away.

It was delicate ground with her, this matter of Seth Taggart's, because he had never made her any offer. "I think he must treat women shamefully," said Cynthia in her thoughts, and I'll wash up and put away. I will take you some time to fix yourself, and you ought to be there early if you are going to stand up with Sue."

"Who is groomsman, Miss Bridesmaid?" said her father.

"Frank Handy, sir" said Cynthia, with a toss of her head.

"Ha, Handy!" said her father. "A right clever fellow is Frank. It'll be a lucky woman he stands up with to be married to."

Cynthia escaped to her own room, where she began to cry again. Her father spoke well of Frank! Oh, if he would only come back! Why hadn't she known the state of her own heart that morning? But he took her so by surprise, and all her evil feelings had got uppermost in the moment. If he would be very cruel of her—very—not to try her again.

Thus she thought till she was sufficiently advanced in her toilet to put her wreath on. Should she wear it? Would it not be confessing too much if he saw it in her hair? She looked for some ribbons in her drawer, but at that moment her father called her, and said if she came quick he would drive her over to Sue's before he unharnessed his old mare. So she put on the hop-wreath in a hurry, giving it the benefit of her doubt, and its trembling green bells mixed with the light curls of her pretty sunny hair.

"Where did you get that thing from?" said her father. "It's mighty tasty, I declare. Give me a kiss, Cynthy. I hope your beaux will think you look half as pretty as I think you. And it's better, my child, to be admired by your old father, who loves you, than by a crowd of foolish fellows, half of whom get round a pretty girl just as my sheep out yonder crowds round some spot—one following another in making up to her."

"Foolish fellows!" They *were* "foolish fellows!" But Frank Handy was not one of them. Frank had never followed in her train sufficiently to be accounted one of her suitors. It was this very "foolish flock" whose ranks he scorned to enter.

She kissed her father on his ruddy cheek, and felt as if he callow love that fluttered at her heart had been made more welcome by his approbation.

"What time shall I call for you, Cynthy?" said he as she alighted at Susie's door.

"Oh, not till late, father," she said hurriedly. "Stay—not at all. Some of the young men will come home with me, or, if they don't, I'll come with Tommy Chase. He's only eleven, but he's tall of his age."

And now Cynthia found herself in the bride's chamber; the pretty little rosebud blushing in her wedding muslin, and going to be very happy, because—well, it takes a good deal more sense than Susie had to be unhappy in life when she is blessed with a sweet temper and a good digestion.

Cynthia was waited for to put the finishing touches to the bride, for Cynthia had taste, and Cynthia, among her "girls," had a reputation for good nature. Her fingers failed her as she pinned the wedding wreath, and she trembled more than the bride did when she buggy at the end of the brick path which led up to the homestead. She saw Frank Handy in his bridal suit going down to receive the minister.

"Cynthy, you go and tell the gentlemen they may come in."

Cynthia shrank back; but, as bridesmaid, it was her office, and the others pushed her to the door.

"She does not want to see Seth Taggart, I reckon," said one of the girls in a half whisper. "Don't you see how pale she has grown?"

But Cynthia falsified this speech by looking scarlet as she opened the door of the room where the bridegroom and his men were caged, with an air in which assumed indifference was strongly marked, and said, "Gentlemen, we are ready," with a toss that sent the hop-bells dancing on her head.

Seth, long and lean, and shiny, in his wedding suit, like a snake in a new skin, took little Susie on his awkward arm; Frank Handy, collected and self-possessed, offered his to the bridesmaid, and they followed the bride and bridegroom into the best parlor. Cynthia and Frank were parted when they took their places for the ceremony. It was only for a moment that she leaned upon his arm, but that moment gave her a new sensation. It was a pride no woman need have been ashamed of in resting upon manly strength. He seemed so strong, so calm, so self-collected, and so dignified that she began to feel her own unworthiness, and to mistrust her power.

She cast her eyes down during the service, and tried to bring her rebellious nerves under control; she heard nothing and saw no one. The minister had blessed them both, and kissed the bride. Everybody came round the pair with salutations. The kissing was rather indiscriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of kissing all the girls, and of course he kissed the bridesmaid. His former sensation of "all over—ever so" transferred itself to her in a different sense. She would as soon have kissed a clam.

Cynthy, you and Frank bring in the cake. You seem to forget all you had ought to do,'" said one of the young girls of the party.

"Frank, here! Your bridesmaid's waiting; and I declare I don't believe you have taken the privilege of the kiss you are entitled to."

Frank was called away from the side of a lady in blue, a stranger from the city, who had been brought by some of the guests. She had no other acquaintance in the room, and Frank seemed to be attentive to her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," said he, turning from the lady, and taking no notice of the latter part of the speech addressed to him. "Let us do all that is expected of us."

They went together into the pantry, and went there alone. Cynthia thought "if he intends to say Snip! now is the moment." But Frank was intent on arranging the cake on plates and disposing them on a large waiter. Cynthia felt ready to cry. She took refuge in silence and the cake. It may have been the sweet, unwholesome smell of wedding cake that made her head ache violently.

"It is a foolish custom," said Frank, as they arranged the cake. "Foolish that persons because they are happy should want to make other folks sick. There is a great deal of selfishness in the display of newly married happiness."

Frank sighed, and that sigh revived the courage of Cynthia. "Now," she thought, "he will say Snip! Can I say Snap? Oh, no."

She put on a little coquetry. "You will not have any cake at your wedding, Mr. Frank," said she. "Everything about that will be the perfection of good sense and reason."

She had not intended to be sarcastic, but as the speech fell from her lips it sounded so. It was trifling—unworthy. She wished she had not said it. Its tone was out of harmony with what she felt.

Frank took up one of the handles of the tray and the bridesmaid took the other. The room was very merry. The cake was served with plenty of noise, and the wine after it. Frank seemed to be self-possessed and attentive to everybody. Cynthia's beaux could make nothing of her. She answered their questions wrong. A rumor ran that she was wearing the willow for Seth Taggart. She declined to dance, on the plea that she must keep herself disengaged for duties as bridesmaid, and indeed her head ached so that she feared the motion. Agonized by her self-consciousness, and with too little spirit left to make head against the reports that were going about concerning her, she could not but perceive that Frank seemed not to notice her.

"Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Handy is so taken up with?" she said to one of the party.

"Oh that is somebody very wonderful. Everybody else is afraid to speak to her. She has written a book. Frank seems to be right down flirting with her; dosen't he? I declare now he always wanted some body out of the way. Nobody here was good enough for Frank. Have you heard he has been offered a professorship, and is going away? He is going to live in the same place she does. I shouldn't wonder at his courting her—should you?"

"I don't care," said Cynthia in her heart. "I don't care. Oh, yes I do. I care that he should have weighed me in the balances so calmly this afternoon, and found me so unworthy that he takes back the love he offered me. Has he judged me very cruelly? Or am I quite unworthy of his attachment? Oh, think that only this morning I had it in my power to be happy all my life—and I refused him! Oh, how can any one compare any other man with him? And he loved me—only to-day; and now, to-night, his reason says I am not good enough to be his wife—and he is afraid of being unhappy with me. Indeed I am not good enough; but I would try to be."

"——if you would snip it."

It was Frank Handy's voice. She caught the word and looked up eagerly. Frank saw her and stopped, embarrassed. He was holding up a torn fold of the dress of his partner in blue.

"If I knew where to find scissors and a needle and thread," said the authoress, with a half look at the bridesmaid.

"Let me mend it for you," said Cynthia. Her pride had left her. She felt humbled to the dust. It would be a relief to do something for this woman, better than herself, who was preferred by Frank Handy.

"Let me do it," she said earnestly.

"Mr. Handy, I depend upon your escort."

Escort! Was it his escort to the city? He had told her he might go there. Cynthia sewed up the rent in the blue dress very sadly and quietly.

The animation faded from the young authoress' face as she looked down on Cynthia's quivering lip, and saw a big tear fall upon her sewing. She had heard some one say she had been the victim of false hopes excited by Seth Taggart, and had in her heart despised her; but now she felt as if the sad, heart-broken love bestowed on him endorsed him as far better than he looked. It was a grief, however, to which she could not openly allude. As Cynthia set the last stitch in her dress she stooped down and kissed her. Every sorrow has its lesson," she said, "as every weed has a drop of honey. Blessed are they who suck that drop and store it for good uses."

She had gone and Cynthia was left alone. Yes, she had much to learn. This night's experience had taught her that her reign was over and her career of bellehood run. She who had not been good enough to keep a good man's heart when she had won it, would set herself to her new task of self-improvement. She would have her dear old father's love, and live at home, and little children, too, should learn to love her. And then, some day, when they had both grown old, Frank Handy might perhaps see that he had judged her hastily, and not be glad, but sorry, that she had rejected him. At least every improvement in her would be due to his influence, and so even in her lonely life he would not be altogether disassociated from her. She sat in the dark, with her hands clasped tightly over her burning forehead.

She heard voices in the passages. The party was breaking up. People were beginning to go. Oh, why had she staid alone so long? Perhaps during that hour Frank might have changed his mind. She had deprived herself of the opportunity.

She started up and hurried out amongst the company. They were all getting their cloaks and shawls on. Frank, in his overcoat, was standing impatiently at the front door.

"Please to tell her that my buggy has come up first," he said to some one, as Cynthia came into the passage.

"I am ready, said the lady in blue, presenting herself. Frank raised his hat to be company and took her on his arm.

"Shut that door," said somebody. "Don't let the night air blow into the house.

So the door closed with a jar that went to Cynthia's very heart. She turned aside, and tried to help some of the girls to find their shawls and hoods. "Every lassie had her ladie." Cynthia only had no one to take her home. She and Tommy Chase to walk home with her, and he said he would as soon as he had more cake and supper.

Cynthia went back into the empty parlor and sat down by an open window looking into the yard. She hid her face in her hands. All sorts of thoughts went surging through her brain, but the one that most often presented itself was the humble one of a notion that she would try to be such a woman as Frank Handy might have wisely loved.

There was a stir among the vines that draped the window-frame. She did not look up. It was the wind. She heard it sigh. She felt its warm breath near her cheek—warmer, surely, than the night wind. She lifted her head quickly.

"Snip!" said Frank's voice at her side. It trembled, and he trembled as he stood with a great hope and a great fear contending in his breast. His self-possession was all gone. The struggle had unnerved him.

"Snip!" exclaimed Cynthia, suddenly. And then drooping her head, crowned by the hop-bells, lower and lower—more and more humbly till it rested on the window-sill, she said in a broken voice: "I know I am not worthy, Frank; but you must teach me."—*Baltimore American.*

SLEEP.

Beautiful up from the deeps of the solemn sea
Cometh sweet Sleep to me:
Up from the silent deeps,
Where no one waits and weeps:
Come, as one who dreameth,
With slowly waving hands;
And the sound of her raiment seemeth
Like waves on the level sands,
There is rest for all mankind,
As her slow wings stir the wind;
With lullaby the drowsy waters creep
To kiss the feet of Sleep.

J. R. S., in *Blackwood's Magazine for July.*

THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

The amount of destruction of life and property by lightning, or rather electrical discharges, has been very great throughout the world.

It is estimated that at least 45 persons are killed annually by lightning in this country. The average number of deaths by lightning has been 22 in England, 9 in Switzerland, 3 in Belgium, and 75 in France. In France alone, during a period of thirty years, over 10,000 persons were smitten, of which, 2252 were instantly killed. Eighty were wounded and 9 killed during one thunderstorm at Chateauneuf les Montiers in 1861, and within one week, when the air was highly charged with electricity, thirty-three fearful flashes of lightning were observed, each bringing death to some victims.

During the sixteen years between 1779 and 1816, 156 vessels of the British navy were struck by lightning; 73 men were killed and 138 injured, and the loss of materials amounted to over a million dollars; but since the system of metallic conductors, adapted for vessels, devised by Sir. W. Snow Harris, has been applied to the vessels in that navy, the losses and damages by lightning have almost entirely ceased, al though the number of vessels has been greatly increased.

In Fuller's Church History it is stated that "scarcely a great abbey in England exists which once, at least, was not burned down by lightning from heaven."

On the night of April, 1718, 24 steeples were struck along the coast of Brittany; and on the 11th of January, 1815, 12 steeples suffered a similar fate in the Rhenish Provinces.

On the 27th of July, 1759, lightning burnt all the woodwork of the great cathedral at Strasbourg; and on the 14th of August, 1833, it was struck three times within a quarter of an hour, and so much damaged that the repairs cost about $6,000,000. In 1835 lightning conductors were placed upon the building and steeple, and since then it has not been damaged whatever by lightning, although discharges have on several occasions occurred in line with the top of the steeple, which is 437 feet above the ground.

On the 18th of August, 1769, the Tower of St. Nazaire, at Brescia, was struck, and the subterranean powder magazine, containing 2,076,000 pounds of powder belonging to the Republic of Venice, was exploded. One-sixth of the whole town was laid in ruins and the rest very much injured, and about 3000 persons killed.

On the 26th of June, 1807, the powder magazine of Luxembourg, containing 28,000 pounds, was struck, and besides about 30 persons killed and 200 injured, the town was ruined.

Explosions and large fires, involving a great loss, have become rather frequent in this country, owing to the iron tanks used for the storage of petroleum being struck by lightning. From March to August, in 1875, over 10,000,000 gallons, and on April 19, 1877, over 2,000,000 gallons of oil, and the village of Troutman, were destroyed in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

Some of the thunderstorms which have prevailed in this country have been very terrific and destructive. During August 14th, 15th and 16th, 1872, portions of New York State and the New England States were visited by some of the most terrific thunderstorms ever experienced, during which over 200 dwellinghs were struck and damaged, about 10 persons were instantly killed, and 160 stunned. Quite a number of barns, with their contents, hay and cattle, were also struck, fired and consumed. Cars, while ruaning on some of the railroads, were surrounded by a vivid electric light, but no passengers were injured, although they were greatly alarmed. Telegraph wires were melted by the half mile, telegraph instruments broken and poles shattered in all directions. One of these storms occurred at midnight, at Arlington, Mass., August 14th, in which streams of electricity darted across the sky in every direction, and the thunder which followed was constant for a period of thirteen minutes, without the intermission of an instant of silence. Three hundred and thirty-one discharges were counted in seven minutes by an observer, and each discharge was followed by loud and sometimes rattling reports, whose reverberations rolled through the heavens in an endless procession of majestic and terrific sounds. During the scene, the river, which was about half an hour above the western horizon, was visible, but so magnified through the haze and vapor, as to appear like a brilliant flame suspended in the sky. For a period of twenty minutes the scene was one of grandeur and sublimity rarely witnessed.

In the States of Illinois and Iowa, and the prairie country west of the Mississippi river, thunderstorms are generally more terrific, and more lives have been lost there from the effects of lightning than in any other section of this country. Owing to the said country being level and devoid of trees, the equilibrium between the electricity of the atmosphere and that of the earth is principally restored by disruptive discharges.—*Spang's "Treatise on Lightning Protection.'*

SUNRISE ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

We left behind the leafy arms of shade,
The green soft grasses and the blossoms fair—
Left the brown brook that lulling murmur made,
The smoked-plumed houses scattered everywhere.
Before, gray rocks that rose in steeper slope,
The softening snow, the glacier's foot-marks rough,
The still-receding summit, mocking hope,
The glare and silence: was it not enough?
Above, the hurrying mists went drifting by
Through rocky clefts; the night withdrawing apace:
We seemed on some spear point uplifted high
To gaze upon some terror face to face.
The gray dawn, streaked with angry red, at last
Lit up the rocks, and when the sun burned through,
Lo! one vast western clouds the shadow vast
Of the great mountain loomed upon our view.
O God! have pity. Is there, then, no rest?
Must pain as infinite as loving be?
Our every feeble power mountain-high have pressed;
The laboring breath has come so painfully!
Behold! upon its side we wake, we sleep,
Forever climbing through its shadows deep.
Oh, when at last behind beneath, it lies,
Let not its shadow fall upon the skies!

ARCHIE RAEBURN.

A Fragment from the Berwickshire Coast.

CHAPTER I.—HOGMANAY.

I had been but three years married—short and happy years they were—when Archie, my husband, was called away to Queensland in Australia, where an uncle of his, long settled there, was ill, and required the presence of one whom he could trust to keep, as the old saying is, goods and gear together on his farm. I do not mind owning now that I was very unwilling that Archie should go far away from his bairn and me, to the opposite side of the world; but go he would. "My darling?" he said, bending down his tall head to kiss me, for I was sitting on his knee—"don't cry; and don't fear for me, for have I not been, as an engineer, in worse climates than that of Australia? See, Alice, my dear, I cannot refuse to go to Uncle Scott now, he that was so good to me as a boy, and first put me in the way of earning a living. But with Heaven's help I'll be back next year, my wife—my wife!" So Archie Raeburn went over the waste of waters to the far away lands that lie beneath strange stars that never shine upon us at home in Britain; and his poor little wife, with our o. e child, wee Lilian, went back to live at my native place, East Craig, on the sea-coast, where I was known, and felt sure of welcome, which was about all the orphan when Archie married me, and there was none of my kindred left living there; but still I loved the old place and the familiar scenes, and chose to wait there for my husband's return.

We lived in a bit cottage close down upon the sea shore, so near to the tide mark that the water got the length of our door on rough weather, or their plaintive plash when it was fine, were seldom absent from my ear; and often I looked for hours together over the changfule surface of the sea, dreaming rather than thinking of Archie, so far off. Then came the ill news. The *Good Intent*, the ship in which my husband had taken his passage for the homeward voyage, was given up for lost. She was long, hopelessly overdue. No vessel had spoken her, no tidings been received concerning her for weary months. There could be no doubt but that the *Good Intent* had gone down with the crew and passengers.

I was a widow then, and I so young, and with my baby child to support as best I might. Brave Archie, my own only gallant love was gone! Weeping and pale, the mere ghost of myself—so folks said—I went about in my new made mourning, that I felt that I never should put off again, striving to live, for the sake of the helpless bairn in her black frock, that nestled to my side and clung to my hand. We were poor—sadly poor; for the small stock of money waned cruelly fast; and the embroidery and other needlework for which I had received such praise when a girl, brought in very, very little, though I worked with aching eyes and heavy heart far into the night.

How it jarred upon my ear, the merry talk of the neighbors on the blithe Hogmanay (New-year's eve) that followed the sad news about Archie! They all seemed—young and old—as gay and full of hope in the glad incoming of a new year, while I—what had the year to bring me? What I had saved and gained had waned so low that soon we must leave the cottage and East Craig, and go to some great noisy city, where employment might possibly be found. That night as the bairn lay peacefully asleep in her cot, I could not close my eyes through the long hours of the darkness, but turned my throbbing head from side to side. Archie, Archie! How I sorrowed for the loss of my man. Weariful and wae, how thankfully would I have rested beside him forever; but then there was the bairn to claim my care. Towards morning I fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.—NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

I awoke, after my short sleep, in the gray dawn, to find the world astir already, the great sea before my window spreading far away, calm and glistening as a lake, and the sun shining cheerily in the pale blue of the morning sky. The people without, in their holiday attire, seemed happy and hopeful; but for me, alas! there was not much of either hope or happiness. I began to think very seriously of the future. Yes; I must leave East Craig, and try in Edinburg or Glasgow, or, who knew, even in London! to earn a livelihood for Lillian and myself. I could surely sew, or work, for the bread we both needed. My bonny Lillian unconsciously added to my sorrows on that bright, sad morning of the new year, by the way she lisped her little prayer for "dear fath er;" but I managed, for her sake, to be strong and brave again, and came downstairs with a smiling face.

"I'm whishin' ye a happy new-year, ma'am!" blurted out Jeanie, the lassie from a cottage hard by, who performed the rough-er household duties of our modest household for such wages as content a girl of thirteen. Oh, but it was hard, to preserve a steady demeanor, and acknowledge Jeanie's well-meant greeting, and sit down to breakfast with little Lillian in her black frock beside me, and——A knocking at the door, quick and strong. The heavy tread too of a man's impatient feet upon the shingly path that led up from the wicket of the narrow garden. My visitors, I need not say were few, and I knew none who were likely to come thus early. "I can see no one now!" I cried apprehensively to Jeanie, as that active lass bustled forward to answer the peremptory summons.

"Not even me!" answered a voice, the sound of which made me tremble and grow white, as they told me later, to my very lips, while the door burst open, and with dilated eyes I gazed as on a vision. Yes! the tall, bronzed, bearded man who rushed into the room and caught me to his heart, and kissed me and the bairnie again and again, was Archie, my Archie, my dear good man that I had believed to be dead and cold, far off beneath the measureless waters of the Pacific.

"And you thought me dead, did you?" said Archie, when, feeling safe in his strong arms, I had sobbed out some portion of my short and simple story. "No wonder, foy the *Good Intent* was cast away, but luckil without loss of life, on the Van Ruyte Islands, so called from some early Dutch navigator; and being out of the track of ordinary ships, we wrecked folks had trouble enough to keep alive on shell-fish and seafowls' eggs, until we were rescued by an American whaler. Many's the night, Alice, love, that as the wind moaned around the wave-worn rock, I have knelt and prayed, with the bright stars of the Southern Cross shining overhead, that God's mercy would lead me back to my wife and child; and here at last I am!—We are rich now," said Archie later, when we could talk more calmly, and the first transport of my half-incredulous joy was spent; "for poor Uncle Scott, who is dead, left me heir of ll he had, land, cattle and money; but the land is the best of it; and if you do not fear to follow me so far, Alice, we will settle in Australia."

"Gladly and thankfully," I answered him; and had Australia been a land of cold and burrenness, instead of one of warmth and plenty, I would have followed him cheerfully to the ends of the earth. As it is, we are all happy and healthy in Queensland, and it is there that I write these lines; and Lilian and I, I need scarcely say, wear black no more, and can look back smilingly to the day, now long ago, when all our joy and happiness came to us with the glad New-Year.

THE SUPERANNUATED O. G.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"I have been called a superannuated old goose," remarked a woman about fifty years of age, as she entered the central station yesterday.

She sat down and looked at the captain for half a minute, and then continued:—

"I have been called an ignorant old dodo, a centennial parchment, a relicous old living pyramid, and several other hard names, and I want a certain woman arrested right off."

"It was a woman, eh?" queried the captain.

"It was a woman, sir, and when I sh